American West

The land and its people

September/October 1982 $3

In the land of tequila *by Michael Wallis*
Sacred Taos races *by Peter Nabokov*
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The wreck of the Peter Iredale
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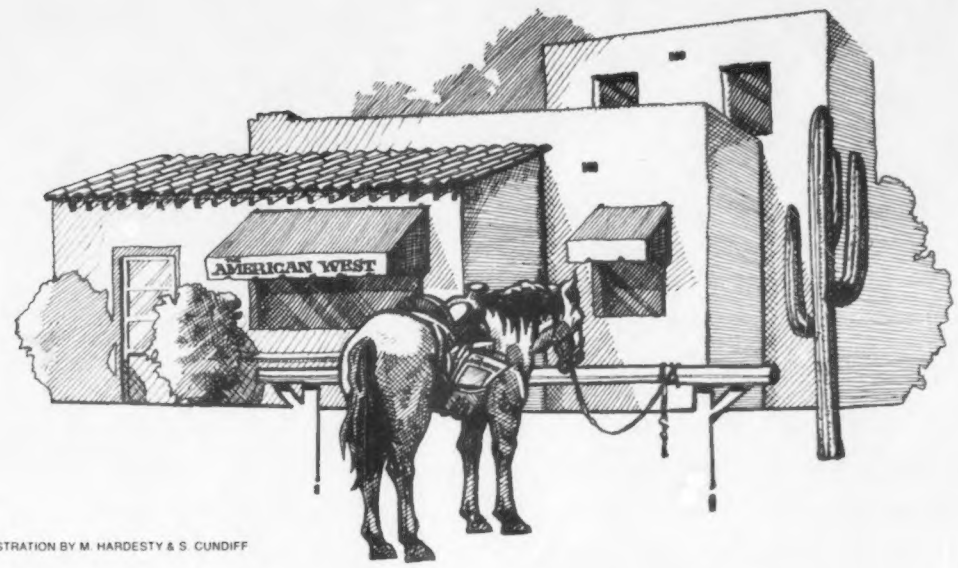

ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY & S. CUNDIFF

To: Our Complimentary Copy Folks

It's Our Second Anniversary In Tucson!

This issue of AMERICAN WEST holds a special significance for the staff of our magazine. It was two years ago that Publisher Tom Pew gathered the AMERICAN WEST's staff in Tucson and produced the first issue of the "new" AMERICAN WEST. As we enter our third year of publishing from Arizona, we want to recount the tremendous strides we've made in these two short years, and give you a glimpse of the future too!

Editorial Vitality

Previous to the move to Tucson, AMERICAN WEST was edited for 17 years as a historical magazine. Knowing there is more to the West than history, we set out to broaden and update AMERICAN WEST's image. Today the magazine's editors focus not only on the West's colorful past, but the people and places of today and tomorrow. From lively Paniolos in Hawaii to memories of small town life, then on to a guided tour of elegant California Gold Rush era homes, AMERICAN WEST readers travel the West as it is today. This new editorial look has been

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singled out for awards by both the Western Publishers Association and the Old West Trail Foundation.

Spectacular Ad Sales

Our new image has attracted the attention of advertisers, too. In our first issue from Tucson, AMERICAN WEST carried a total of 4½ pages of advertisements. This issue has 36 pages, a spectacular increase of 700%! Better still, 34 of our 64 advertisers are repeat buyers, demonstrating with their advertising budget dollars their pleasure and profit from the response of AMERICAN WEST readers. The growth has been so strong that earlier this year we opened a sales office in New York City to accommodate Eastern advertisers seeking our highly targeted Western market.

Dramatic Circulation Growth

Circulation growth has been even more dramatic. In 1980, circulation stood at 25,000. Today it surpasses 100,000 paid subscribers. In a recent Magazine Publishers Association report documenting the circulation of its members for the last six months of 1981, AMERICAN WEST ranked #1 with a 200% growth factor.

Market Reports

Our long-awaited Audit Bureau of Circulation (ABC) report will be available in September. If you would like a copy of the circulation audit mailed to you, just fill out the attached prepaid card and drop it in the mail to us. In addition to the ABC report, the results of a new readers' survey will be available soon. The new survey, conducted by an independent research firm, Mark Clements Research, Inc. of New York, will give you an up-to-date picture of our readers' interests, buying habits and purchasing power. Initial reports from the survey show that to reach an upscale, affluent Western audience, AMERICAN WEST is the number one medium. If you would like a copy of the results, check the appropriate box below.

With these two successful years behind us, we are naturally eager to move into the future. The November/December Christmas issue closes on September 10, so make your reservations now.

Enough said. Enjoy AMERICAN WEST, the fastest growing magazine in the West today.

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American West

September/October 1982 Vol. XIX, No. 5

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

Cover
Landscape of Agaves

In this issue of AMERICAN WEST, we invite you to explore the Mexican highlands of Jalisco where stately agaves flourish row on row—the source of juices for pulque and tequila. The alluring photograph on our cover captures the timeless beauty of these ancient growing fields at harvest time. For centuries the agave has been prized for the potent liquid at its core. To reveal the importance of this unusual plant to Mexico's early civilizations, writer Michael Wallis points out Aztec attitudes that raised pulque to the level of a sacred drink fit for the gods. Myths surrounding the agave are no less fascinating than the methods—refined through time—of distilling its juices. Links between past and present unfold as Wallis observes the workings of a modern tequila firm, guided by tradition for six generations. Follow the steps of *jimadors,* harvesting tons of agave under a strong midday sun. Watch the loading of adobe ovens heated to release the agave's hidden juices. And catch the rich smell of the final product dripping from a distilling-pot spigot. ''In the Land of Tequila'' opens an enchanting world where nature's ways endure and past and present overlap.

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Editor's Notes

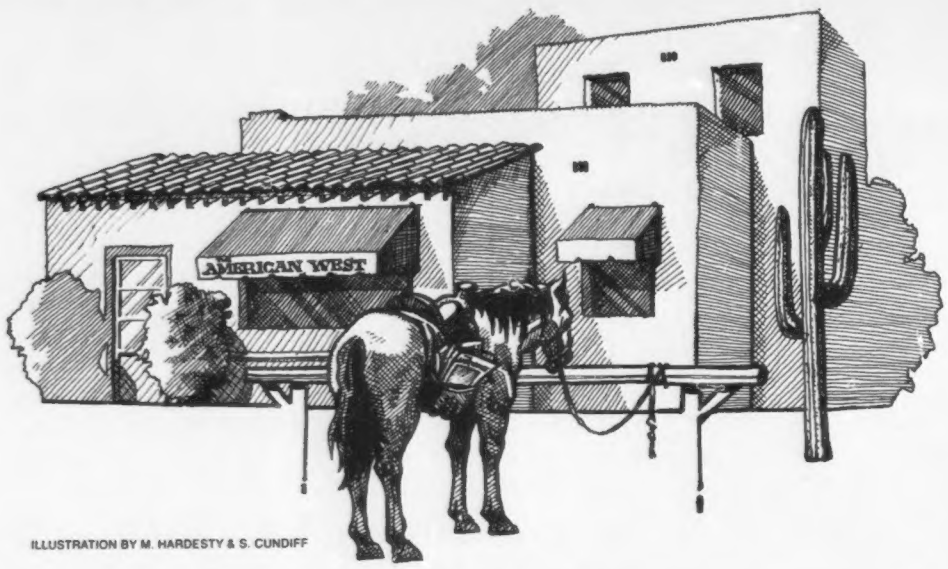

ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY & S. CUNDIFF

September/October 1982—this issue represents something very special to the people who work in the little mud-adobe building pictured above. With this issue we begin our third year publishing AMERICAN WEST in Tucson, Arizona.

We don't deny that it's been a heady two years, and like the players on a stage who've found a particularly receptive and appreciative audience, we workers at AMERICAN WEST want to stand up and applaud our 100,000 subscribers and our hundreds of advertisers who've made this magazine possible and supplied us with the faith and support to continue.

AMERICAN WEST is a highly personal magazine. It represents an abiding interest on the part of its writers, painters, photographers, historians, poets, and editors in this awesome space we call the West. We are a magazine that celebrates a place, a time, a heritage—the land and its secrets, the people and their traditions—and without you, our fellow participants in this celebration, there could be no party, no AMERICAN WEST.

Two years ago when we moved the magazine to Tucson, we knew there were people who shared our interest in our chosen subject. What we couldn't foresee is how many of you there were and how quickly you would respond to our goal of giving the West a magazine entirely its own: edited and written by and for Westerners and those who wish they were.

You, our readers, showed us by making AMERICAN WEST the fastest growing magazine in the country, according to the latest figures released by the Magazine Publishers Association.

But from the beginning, AMERICAN WEST came to the heartland of the West to offer more than an interesting format of stories and art on Western lands, people, and traditions. A vital part of our chosen niche, as we conceived it two years ago, was to provide a unique, beautiful, Western marketplace where advertisers could show their fine art and other products to a receptive audience.

You readers have come through there, too. In the past several months you've found and purchased over a million dollars worth of fine art and other Western and non-Western paraphernalia through the advertising pages of AMERICAN WEST.

Ours is a market no other magazine in the nation can lay claim to, and, quite frankly, it's a marketplace that keeps us out there exploring the land month after month for the stories and writers that bring us all so much pleasure and thoughtful appreciation for these Western lands and people.

We're grateful to be here providing these things, taking pleasure in this work and pride in making this space available. We say thank you.

Thomas Pew

American West

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Letters

Lakota appreciation

Dear Editor:

How very good it is to read AMERICAN WEST. I enjoy reading something that has feeling and meaning, something of the heart and soul of the land. As I am Indian, I enjoy the Letters where the feelings of my people are expressed.

In the March/April issue I enjoyed "The Indian Sweat," a traditional ceremony that goes back to our beginning. Later came the other ceremonies that make up our seven sacred ceremonies. One very fine ceremony lost to us was the "Keeping of the Soul" that made the village more pure, more keen in sense and harmony and spiritual awareness to all. It was banned by the Federal system in 1890, like the Ghost Dance Religion, the most spiritual, harmless rites my people ever practised.

In your May/June issue I enjoyed "Native Earth" by Peter Matthiessen. The Sioux are great in quill work. Once there were many beautiful things of art in the skins and bead work of the Sioux. Wounded Knee is a very special place to me. I pray there whenever I can.

I am Lakota. Montana is my country. The beauty of the Beartooths and other parts of Montana are among the finest in the land, breathtaking.

I would like to stand corrected for saying that the white man never knew the feeling of the earth as the Indian does. I guess maybe there are a rare few who adopted a way, a feeling, a knowing love for the land and respect for the Indian. To these I gratefully acknowledge a hope for the future.

Nakonia (Montana)
Springfield, Mass.

Currier and Ives

Dear Editor:

The Currier and Ives print on page 20 of your January/February 1982 issue seemed familiar to me, and I finally tracked it down. You can see that the enclosed illustration from a book by Harold McCracken, *The Beast That Walks Like Man,* published in 1957, is strikingly similar but not identical. This one is identified as a drawing by Felix B. O. Darley, New York Public Library. I assume Mr. Darley must have made his drawing from that of George Catlin, though this book carries no such acknowledgment (nor does the American edition). Is this customary?

Cheryl Brandt
San Anselmo, Calif.

Don't go West, young man

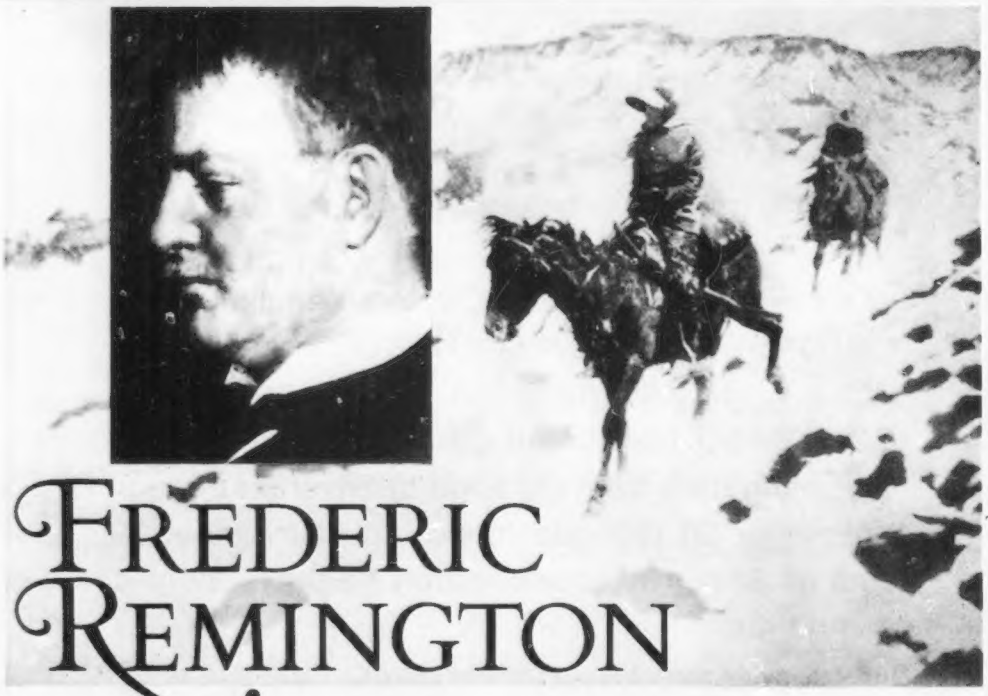
Mrs. Carlysle A. Douglas of Fairfax, Virginia, has sent us the following copy of a letter written in 1881 by her husband's great uncle to a young nephew. The advice given does not picture the West as a land of opportunity.—Editor

Cantril, Iowa
Mar. 13/81

My Dear Nephew,

I thought I would write you a few lines as I have nothing else to do. I hear, Carlisle, that you have some notion of trying your luck in the great west. Now my dear nephew I would like to see you do well in this life and if I thought it would be for your good and your interest to go to Colorado I would not say a word against your going. But I am afraid that if you do go you will be sadly disappointed. There is not one man in ten that goes there that makes any money. I have been there and ought to know something about your chances out there and it is my honest opinion that the chances of doing much would be against you for several reasons. You are very young in the first place and you are quite small and the probabilities are that you would have trouble in getting employment at all. And you would find it one of the hardest countries to live in without money that you ever struck. The change of climate might go hard with you, and besides, the trip would be attended with considerable expense. You may count on one

(Continued on page 8)



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The Man of the Forest draws from tragic accounts of how defenseless Arizona farmers and ranchers, were ravaged by thieving murderous outlaws.

When the brave Raynor sisters decide to fight back, aided by a mysterious benefactor from the mountains, a bloody range war ensues.

The Light of Western Stars. Gene Steward, framed for the murder of a total stranger, must rely on the testimony of a beautiful, frightened eyewitness, to bring the real killers to justice. Zane Grey portrays the cowboy life of riding, roping, branding, shooting. All with a richness of of detail that could only come with firsthand experience.

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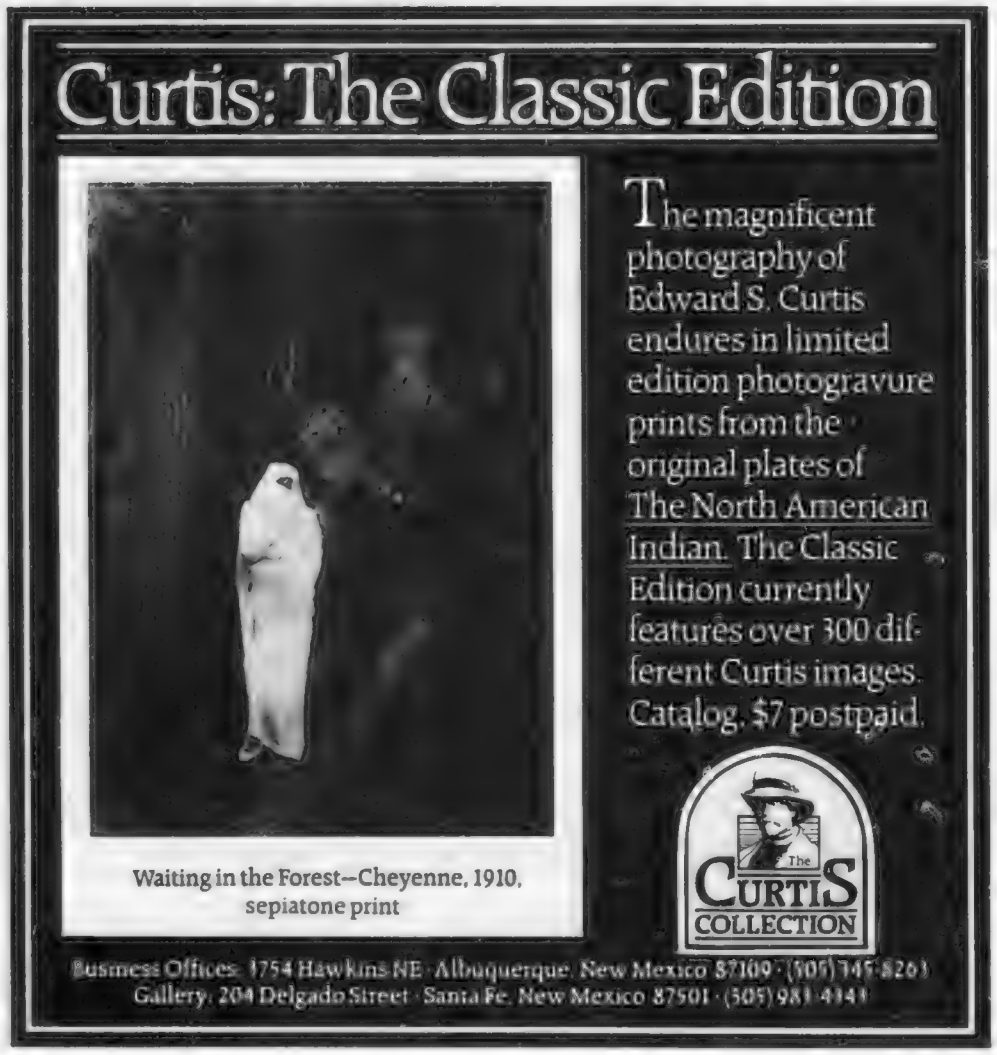
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Letters *(Continued from page 6)*

hundred dollars just for your railroad fare there and back. Others may count it less but you will find that it will be about that amount if you should go. Now, Carlisle, I write you and advise you not to go, for I am afraid you would not find things quite so lovely as you anticipate. I am not going this spring. This leaves all well. Hope it may find you all the same.

Yours very truly,
Delarama Douglas

Write soon.

Nicolai Fechin

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the informative and highly interesting feature on Nicolai Fechin in the May/June 1982 issue of AMERICAN WEST. The life story was fascinating, and I especially enjoy the beautiful color pages. I am pleased to find full pages devoted to single paintings of this great artist. It prompted me to continue my subscription to your magazine.

Stanley L. Gunn
Longview, Texas

Dear Editor:

Thank George Schriever for having written the article about Nicolai Fechin which I enjoyed reading in your May/June issue. He has reawakened my interest in Fechin. I have coveted his work since I saw it exhibited in Los Angeles approximately fifteen years ago.

Ray Miller
Rolling Hills Est.,
Calif.

Bert G. Phillips

Dear Editor:

I was interested in the small reproduction of Bert G. Phillips's oil *The Last Trail* in the March/April issue. The commentary with it notes that it "depicts an Indian chief who ponders the possible destruction of his people's hunting trail by white settlers." But I believe that the painting represents something more than that. It is an allegorical statement on the Indian's fate,

(Continued on page 11)

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"EL CAPITAN"
by Jasper D'Ambrosi

THE LONGHORN,

WILD, RUGGED and LEAN, gave Dodge City its place in American history as Queen of the Cowtowns. As a monument to this magnificent breed and the men who drove them, Boot Hill Museum, Inc., commissioned Jasper D'Ambrosi, a sculptor, of Tempe, Arizona, to create a larger-than-life-size statue of a Texas Longhorn steer. The statue, which we have named "EL CAPITAN," has been placed near Boot Hill in Dodge City, looking back down the trail toward his Texas range.

The small replica of "EL CAPITAN," in a limited edition of 100, is now being offered as a special investment for those who wish to commemorate the role of the Longhorn in one of the richest and most colorful eras of the West.

Cast by the lost wax method, each of the bronzes is approximately 21 inches long and 13 inches high with a horn span of 16 inches. With its walnut base, the bronze weighs about 35 pounds. Each purchase of a signed and numbered piece will be fully authenticated and certified.

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Letters *(Continued from page 8)*

and its title self-consciously echoes that of James Earle Fraser's enormously popular 1915 sculpture *The End of the Trail* showing a mounted plains warrior, his head hung in despair, his lance pointing to the ground, the very model of hopeless resignation as he contemplates the extinction of his race. In fact, Phillips's *The Last Trail,* with its symbolic buffalo skull, closely conforms to the conventions of an established allegorical tradition. [The writer discusses numerous art works in this tradition.]

All the works mentioned above attest to the enduring appeal of the allegorical tradition to which Bert G. Phillips's *The Last Trail* belongs.

Brian W. Dippie
Victoria,
British Columbia

Page numbers

Dear Editor:

A reader's letter appearing on page 9 of the July/August, 1982, issue has prodded me into writing to you to echo the words of that writer: "I would like to urge attention to the numbering of pages." I realize that there is a reason for almost everything that is done, and for some reason unknown to the readers it may be impossible to improve the page numbering. However, if a change to a policy of numbering all pages is possible, it would be greatly appreciated.

Mary A. Hussey
Urbana, Illinois

We have been aware of this problem and are endeavoring to provide page numbers in other positions on the page when copy makes it impossible to place the number in its usual location.—Ed.

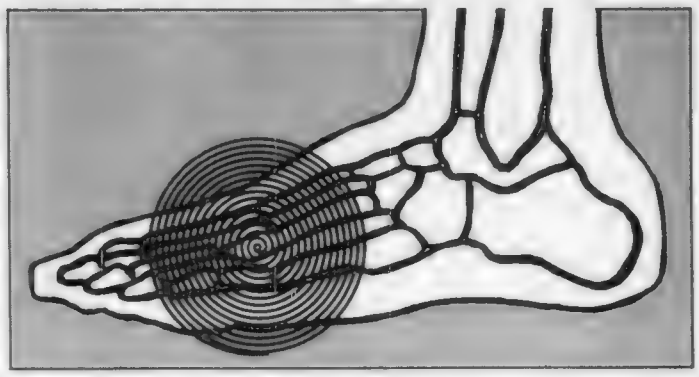
Prairie Wagon

Dear Editor:

By chance the May/June issue of AMERICAN WEST was brought to my attention, and in browsing this most attractive and informative journal, a small photo on page 76 caught my eye: the Wichita River Festival's reconstruction of "Windwagon" Smith's sail-equipped

(Continued on page 76)

My Feet Were Killing Me... Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!



It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted — see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom formed foot support called Flexible Featherspring.® When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them —even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Germany with my own countrymen.

In the last nine years over a quarter million Americans of all ages—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Featherspring work for them and *why they can work for you.* These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom formed and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Featherspring will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Germany can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today. No salesman will call.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE MIRACLE:

"Received my wife's Featherspring two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is better . . . As a retired physician, this result is amazing."

Dr. C.O.C., Tucson, Arizona

"I was extremely skeptical when I placed my order, and was expecting to be disappointed. Much to my surprise, I found almost immediate relief from knee and leg pains and corns on my right foot which were a source of continuing pain and irritation have ceased to trouble me."

J.C.J., Meridian, Miss.

. . . *"At the present time I still wear the Featherspring and indeed they perform well after seven years of use."*

G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

"Wish I had believed your ad five years ago."
Mrs. W.C., Fayetteville, N.C.

*Posed by professional models

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YES! I want to learn more about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports. Please send me your free brochure. I will watch for the large PINK envelope. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

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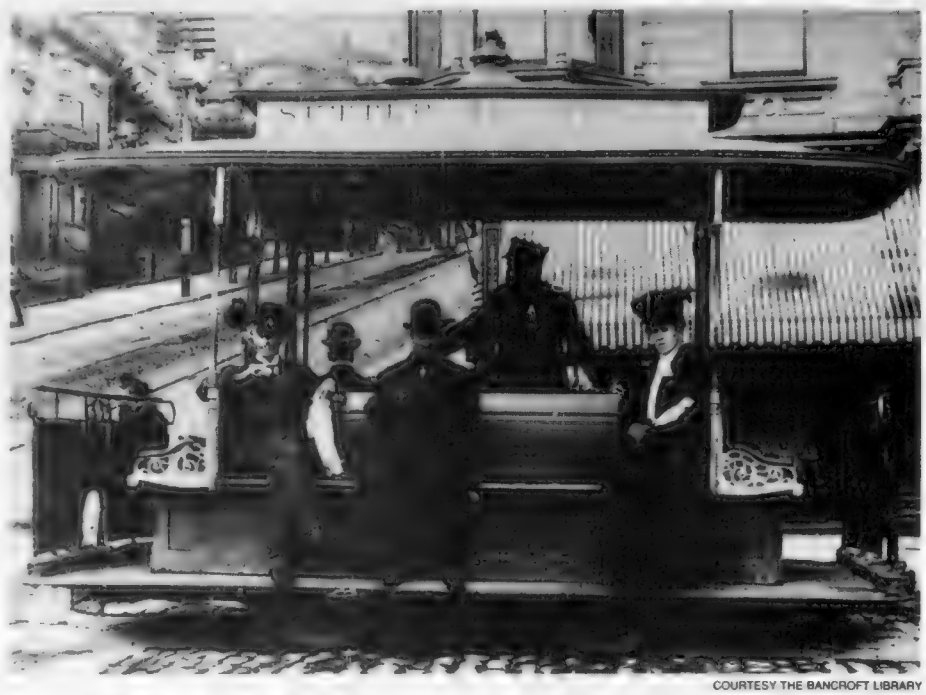
When in Seattle visit the Featherspring Building

Western Lookout

Tacky Postcard Contest. "There are an awful lot of tacky postcards out here in the West. And we have a sense of humor like anyone else," explains Thomas Daubert, communications coordinator of the Montana Environmental Information Center in Helena, a private conservation lobby which holds a tacky postcard contest for its members every fall. Submissions roll in: cards of trailer courts and cafeterias, greasy sunbathers, starry-eyed lovers, and hard-to-love pets. The contest, conceived about four years ago as a "late-night idea that you get when you're punchy," offers prizes at the Center's annual Christmas party in such categories as wildlife, cheesecake, tourism, industrial, and grand tack. Why would crusaders for nature's beauty collect symbols of bad taste? Daubert can't quite put his finger on it, but he says, "We're trying to protect the quality of our environment. Our work relates to tackiness."

Claiming Geronimo. Shortly before he died in 1909, Apache warrior Geronimo wrote to President Theodore Roosevelt, "The place where I and my people are kept is bad for us.... Let me die and be buried in my country." Efforts to carry out this request by moving the warrior's remains from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to Arizona have sparked debate among Apaches about the real location of their leader's "country." Burying Geronimo in Arizona would mean that the great chief has "returned home" argues Ronnie Lupe, tribal chairman of the White Mountain Apaches. But Fort Sill Apache Rose Chinney, a distant relative of Geronimo, disagrees: "He's buried here among his kin, and our family ties are very strong." Still a third view comes from the president of the Mescalero Apache Tribe, Wendell Chino, who insists, "His homeland was western New Mexico...."



COURTESY THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

Old cable-car system bid farewell

Bells ring, passengers leap to the running boards, and the open-air car plunges downhill, its "grip" locked on the speeding underground cable like a pair of pliers. Ever since San Francisco's first cable car clattered down Clay Street on a winter morning in 1873, residents and their guests have prized this exhilarating ride over the city's hills.

But riding the outmoded cars has become too dangerous. More than 300 accidents occurred last year due to rotted pulleys, worn-out tracks, and machinery breakdowns at the powerhouse. To renovate the aging system, San Francisco's cable cars will shut down on September 22, bringing to a temporary halt America's only *moving* national historic landmark.

A two-year, $58.6 million overhaul is planned. The entire trackway will be replaced or rebuilt, and the cable-car barn redesigned to meet modern earthquake codes. As for the beloved cars themselves, they will remain unchanged. Although San Franciscans will have to contend with bothersome construction and a possible loss of tourism dollars during the renovation, they will not lose forever this historic part of their city's identity. As one Bay City resident remarked recently, "San Francisco won't be San Francisco. But as long as [the cars] come back, I can live with it."

Images of Eskimos. Photographs tell an intriguing story of change in the life of Alaskan Eskimos at an exhibit opening October 9 in Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History. Featuring seventy photos taken in remote Alaskan villages between 1973 and 1978, "The Last and First Eskimos" portrays young and old generations living side by side during a period of perplexing transition. Steve Rooney of the International Center of Photography which organized the exhibit describes the impact of white culture in Alaska's rural areas. "Grandparents and grandchildren find themselves speaking different languages, and hunters now depend on money for buying snowmobiles and rifles." Maps and information from interviews with Eskimos are included in the exhibit, on view through January 23.

A Shout from Yellville. On the second weekend in October the five major calls of the wild turkey will be heard loud and clear in the northern Arkansas town of Yellville. For over thirty-five years, this community of 1,200 has been the home of the National Wild Turkey Calling Championship, which marks the arrival of the hunting season with a round of merrymaking. Parades, beauty pageants, craft displays, and country western dancing are all part of the affair. "This is a time when people come back to Yellville," explains David Doshier, chamber of commerce president. "Our Turkey Trot Festival is really a reunion." Yelling—or rather, calling—has nothing to do with the town's name. "Yellville was a politician," Doshier points out.

Cowboy Artists. An exhibit of oil paintings, watercolors, drawings, and bronzes by the twenty-three-member Cowboy Artists of America association will open to the public

(Continued on page 17)

Self-Portrait, signed W. Ufer, lower left, oil on canvas, 25 in. x 20 in.

An Important Private Collection of Paintings by Walter Ufer

Auction immediately following the sale of *The Birds of America* by John James Audubon
Saturday, October 16, 1982 (approximately 3:30 p.m.)
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Houston, Texas

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The Baker's, signed W. Ufer, lower left, oil on canvas, 30 in. x 30 in.

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HARVEY GIRLS. HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, 1915. COURTESY SANTA FE RAILWAY

Fred Harvey's Railroad Cuisine

by Carla Kelly

A railroad passenger traveling west in the early days usually had his thirst for adventure satisfied—but not his appetite. Unfortunately, the glories of the transcontinental railroad completed in 1869 did not extend to railroad food. At dusty train stops, indifferent cooks served a monotonous menu of beans, coffee brewed in alkali water, and biscuits dubiously called sinkers. Passengers usually had to bolt their meals before hurrying back to trains that would not wait.

Fred Harvey changed all that. An immigrant from England of Scottish descent, Harvey spent several years in the restaurant business before working as a railroad freight agent. After suffering through many a hasty, ill-cooked railroad meal, he came up with his great idea. Why couldn't the restaurants and the railroads join forces and serve meals that were quick and delicious—designed to attract customers, not repel them? In 1876, a handshake with the superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway initiated one of the West's enduring miracles: meals by Fred Harvey.

With the railroad providing transportation, buildings, coal, and water, Harvey supplied the workers, equipment, and food. His goal was a depot restaurant every one hundred miles along the track, ready to dispense the best in eating at the sound of the approaching train whistle.

Harvey then implemented his second great idea, the Harvey Girls. He advertised in Eastern papers for "young women of good character, attractive and intelligent, eighteen to thirty." The girls flocked West, after signing a contract vouching for their good reputation and promising not to marry for a year. The waitresses were paid $17.50 a month, plus tips, and lived in Harvey-run dormitories managed by formidable matrons who made sure the girls were in by ten each night.

Many a Harvey Girl ended up at the altar before her contract expired, but Harvey took such weddings philosophically, chalking his losses up to advertising. He personally gave away many Harvey brides in the little towns that dotted the train route. One wag noted that there must have been 4,000 baby boys named Fred or Harvey, in honor of the Scotsman.

The Harvey system was unbeatable. The brakeman would go down the aisles of the train, writing down menu preferences. This information was telegraphed ahead to the next Harvey House down the track. By the time the train pulled into the depot, the waitresses already had the first course on the table.

The food was as memorable as the service. For fifty cents the traveler received a breakfast of cereal or fruit, eggs nestled on a thick steak, a side order of hashbrowns, and a stack of hotcakes, followed by a chaser of apple pie and coffee. There was no danger of getting the same meal day after day. Menus were sent out from headquarters in four-day batches, guaranteeing variety.

Harvey's quest for the best led to unforgettable restaurant inspections. His favorite routine was to sweep into a dining room unexpectedly, check for dust over the doorways, and examine each place setting for cracks or chips. If he found anything amiss, Harvey would yank off the tablecloth, sending the crockery crashing. Few managers ever needed another such demonstration. Harvey's houses were noted for their impeccable appearance and equipment.

With the development of more rapid trains by the late 1880s, the Santa Fe gave Fred Harvey the franchise for its railroad dining cars. Harvey was in top form on his diners, serving West Coast specialties like citrus fruit and shellfish to California-bound travelers and midwestern favorites like Kansas City steaks to patrons heading east.

By his death in 1901, Harvey commanded a service empire that included forty-seven restaurants, thirty dining cars, fifteen hotels, and the food offered on the San Francisco Bay ferry system. "Meals by Fred Harvey" was a railroad byword. The canny Scot had parlayed his good idea into a fortune, doing his part to tame the West for hungry travelers.

Santa Fe French Toast

Slice dry bread ¾" thick. Then halve into triangles. Trim crusts. Combine 2 beaten eggs, ½ c. cream, and a pinch of salt. Soak bread in this batter. Next, fry bread in shortening until both sides are a golden color. Drain, place toast on a baking sheet, and bake in a 400° oven until it puffs up (about 3 to 5 min.). Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with applesauce, honey, maple syrup, or jam.

Cheese Tidbits

Cut slightly dry bread into ⅛" slices and set aside. Then mix thoroughly: ½ lb. grated American cheese, 3 oz. soft butter, 1 t. English mustard, 3 oz. finely diced ham, and 4 beaten egg yolks. Spread this mixture ¼" thick on bread and add top slice to make sandwiches. Cut sandwiches into eighths. Next prepare a batter of 1 or 2 beaten eggs. Dip tidbits in this batter and then in white bread crumbs. Saute in butter until golden brown and serve.

Carla Kelly *of Ogden, Utah, is the winner of two Golden Spur Awards from the Western Writers of America association.*

The Official
100th Anniversary

Jesse James

Buckle shown actual size

COMMEMORATIVE BUCKLE

in Solid Sterling Silver or Antiqued Jeweler's Bronze

Jesse James, the most popular American bandit-hero ever, blazed his way into history during the turbulent years following the Civil War.

Known as a fearless, hard-riding soldier for the South, he was near-fatally wounded at the close of the war while attempting to surrender his detachment under a white flag to Northern troops. Most historians agree he was forced into living as a bandit by politics and prejudices of the times.

It is a fact that he actually committed few robberies but was falsely accused of thousands more. In April, 1882, he was shot in the back and killed by a trusted "friend" who had been well paid by government officials. Great newspapers coast to coast condemned those officials and public outcry forced them from office. More ballads have been written about Jesse James than any other figure in history before or since!

Now, 100 years later, the prestigious National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History commemorates this anniversary by issuing a strictly limited edition collector's Buckle in your choice of Solid Sterling Silver or antique finished jeweler's Bronze.

Each is individually minted like a fine coin from hand cut, hard steel dies for depth, brilliance and detail by master craftsmen of The Historic Providence Mint.

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"O-HE-YO MEDICINE MAN"
Image size: 22 X 30 inches
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Issue price: $60 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

"BUFFALO MEDICINE"
Overall size: 12½ X 9½ inches
Image size: 9¼ X 6 inches
Edition of 1000 — Signed and numbered by the artist
Issue price: $25 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

"DAUGHTER OF THE SUN" poster
Overall size: 31½ X 22½ inches
Image size: 23½ X 18½ inches
Edition of 1000 — Signed and numbered by the artist
Issue price: $35 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

Mockingbird shares her secrets with DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. In our formative years, animals communicate openly with all children. Only after we start thinking of our superiority over the animals do they stop talking to all but the innocent.

O-HE-YO MEDICINE MAN

The Native American belief that all creation is related to each other provides reason for my conception of using the birds of the sky and the animals of the land to record the Indian Way of Life. In O-HE-YO MEDICINE MAN, I show this oneness by blending together a Cardinal and medicine man. Red Bird would often share her secrets with the medicine men of the O-He-Yo or Great River Area.

BUFFALO MEDICINE

An old medicine man speaks to the Buffalo Spirit ... "The white man's gun has spoken. You are no more my buffalo. You were our food, our shelter, our clothing. We are dying, my buffalo ..."

The book, BERT D. SEABOURN, CHEROKEE ARTIST (second edition), by Tucson writer Dick Frontain, with an evaluation by Clara Lee Tanner, is now available. The 9″ X 12″ hardbound cover, has 96 pages with 29 full-color illustrations and 85 black and white illustrations. Each copy is hand signed by Bert D. Seabourn. $25.00 each plus $1.50 shipping charge. You can order from Seabourn Studio.

A $10 Christmas gift?
You bet!

The special order card in this issue tells you about it.

A $10 Christmas gift?
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Lookout *(Continued from page 12)*

on October 16 at the Phoenix Museum of Art, following a private preview and sale the day before. These works of Western art by contemporary artists "dedicated to the traditions of Russell and Remington" can be viewed through November 21.

Eureka. An inventory of materials at the Clarke Museum in Eureka, California, led to an exciting discovery, museum-board member Peter Palmquist recently reported. Hidden among local artifacts were numerous fine examples of Northwestern California Indian basketry. Today visitors to the museum's new wing can study the craftsmanship of Yurok, Karuk, Hupa, and Wiyot Indians in woven objects ranging from canoe dippers and eel traps to cooking bowls and baby carriers. The baskets, dating from 1830 to 1950, reveal stunning artistry in natural materials such as pine roots, porcupine quills, and maidenhair ferns. Clarke Museum is a national historic landmark, designed by Albert Pissis in 1911 and noted for its exterior of glazed terra-cotta and skylights of stained glass.

Women and Ranches. Ranches and farms of the Old West were often controlled by the capable hands of a pioneer woman. According to a recent report in the *Wall Street Journal*, this character of the past has many counterparts today. Five percent of America's 2.5 million ranches and farms are run solely or principally by women. Their holdings average 285 acres, and one-third of women ranchers and farmers are sixty-five years or older.

WHA Conference. The twenty-second annual conference of the Western History Association will be held October 20 through 23 in Phoenix, Arizona, at the Hilton hotel. Sample session topics include "Military Biography," "Eighteenth Century Spanish Expeditions," and "Women and Wyoming Politics." Tours will be available to the Heard Museum of Art, a desert botanical garden, and buildings designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. For more information, call William D. Rowley at (702) 784-6852.

Corn Palace. Every fall a certain magic starts working in Mitchell, South Dakota. Local workmen scale the walls of the town's Corn Palace, creating intricate patterns with ears of brightly colored corn. Once complete, the "mosaics" are fringed with native grasses, and the palace minarets are given a fresh coat of paint. These preparations—developed over eighty-eight years—signal

(Continued on page 62)

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San Francisco's elegant tradition

The Palace Hotel

by Barbara Kraus

We depart from our custom of presenting little-known Western inns to bring you the story of an elegant hotel that grew from gold rush riches.—Ed.

The cream of California's wealth and power attended the opening night gala held for San Francisco's Palace Hotel on October 14, 1875. Civil War hero Philip Sheridan appeared as guest of honor for the festivities. Reflecting the city's overnight growth from tent cluster to affluent metropolis, the Palace was grand in every respect.

The hotel was built with wealth born of gold and silver bonanzas, and patterned after the caravansaries of ancient Araby. Its seven stories wrapped around a central, glass-roofed, courtyard carriage entrance called the Grand Court. Palace guests could look down from six tiers of marble balconies to eye new arrivals alighting indoors from their landaus and barouches. Five hydraulic "rising rooms" carried guests to eight hundred rooms, each with its own bath and fireplace. The hotel's quarter-mile exterior girth gleamed in gold-trimmed, white-washed brick.

This opulent structure was the dream of William C. Ralston, who first visited the Golden Gate in 1851 as an energetic clipper ship captain. He returned to San Francisco within three years to build a business empire, and his Bank of California, the largest bank in the West, flourished on the riches from the Comstock Lode that poured into San Francisco in 1859.

Ralston conceived the Palace in 1874 as a project worthy of his wealth, but he was not present to celebrate its glamorous opening. Two months before the hotel was completed, the Bank of California collapsed, plagued by wild fluctuations in mining stock prices. The next day, Ralston's lifeless body was pulled from the bay. His partner, William Sharon, rallied the city's nabobs to revive the bank a few days before the Palace opened.

Rudyard Kipling once observed that sooner or later, everyone of power or interest would appear at the Palace. General U. S. Grant was once serenaded by a chorus of five hundred from its gaslit balconies, where Lillian Russell walked her terrier and Sarah Bernhardt aired her parrots and baby tiger. Lillie Langtry, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Ignace Paderewski, and five United States presidents chose the Palace, as did tycoons Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Pullman, and Vanderbilt. For years it was said that the State of California was run from the Palace bar.

On April 18, 1906, tenor Enrico Caruso repaired to his room at the hotel following a midnight nip with friends. Shortly after 5:00 A.M. he was jarred awake to the sound of creaking timbers. Companions found him sitting bolt upright in bed, moaning, "We're doomed. We're all doomed and I've lost my voice." They weren't and he hadn't.

The quake itself barely touched the Palace. The resultant fire did, however, and only the hotel's shell remained. But rebuilt from the ground up, the Palace reopened in 1909 with all the opulence of the original. Since gasoline fumes from newly popular motorcars made an indoor carriage entrance impractical, the Grand Court was replaced by an elegant lounge called the Palm Court. Within a short time, the hotel's management further transformed the famous courtyard into the Garden Court, a luminous, glass-canopied dining room crowned by ten crystal chandeliers.

Through the decades, the Palace has mirrored the times. In 1919 Woodrow Wilson promoted the League of Nations from the Garden Court, and in 1923 Warren G. Harding died in the hotel. In the thirties the Palace felt the grip of the depression, but tempo picked up during the forties, with tea dancing in the Rose Room and taut farewells between servicemen and wives or sweethearts in quiet rendezvous. In 1945 the hotel served as press headquarters while the United Nations charter was being drafted in San Francisco. In the early seventies, women finally breached the male sanctuary of the Palace's "gentlemen only" Pied Piper Bar.

Completely renovated in the fifties by the Sheraton chain, the Palace retains its aura of grandeur. San Franciscans still delight in luncheon at the sun-dappled Garden Court. And as one dines amid the strains of the San Francisco String Quartet at the Court's Sunday Night Candlelight Buffet, it is easy to believe that this refuge of grace and elegance is good for another century or two.

Barbara Kraus *is a free-lance travel journalist based in San Luis Obispo, California.*

Work on the Roundup by Charles M. Russell

The Russell Portfolio of Prints

Available now for collectors of western art is an unusual collection of black and white prints of ten Charles M. Russell original pen and ink sketches in a limited edition of 750.

The hand-proofed prints are from plates made available by the C.M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana. They are the same rare plates used to reproduce Charlie Russell's sketches for "Back-Trailing on the Old Frontiers," a series of illustrated articles published by the Cheely-Rabin Syndicate in 1922.

The Old Utica Company, in collaboration with the C.M. Russell Museum, is producing this limited edition on a fine paper stock, 24" by 18" with image approximately 15" by 9" inside a debossed border.

THE TITLES: *Annihilation of Fetterman's Command — The Wagon-Box Fight — Placer Miners Prospecting New Strike — LaVerendryes Discover the Rocky Mountains — Buffalo Holding Up Steamboat on the Upper Missouri River — Rustlers Caught at Work — Cheyennes Watching Union Pacific Track Layers — Battle Between Crows and Blackfeet — Carson Defeats French Bully in Horseback Duel — Work on the Roundup.*

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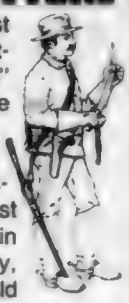

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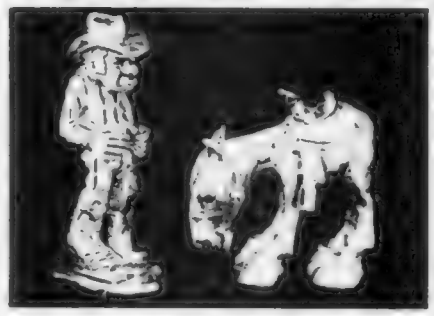

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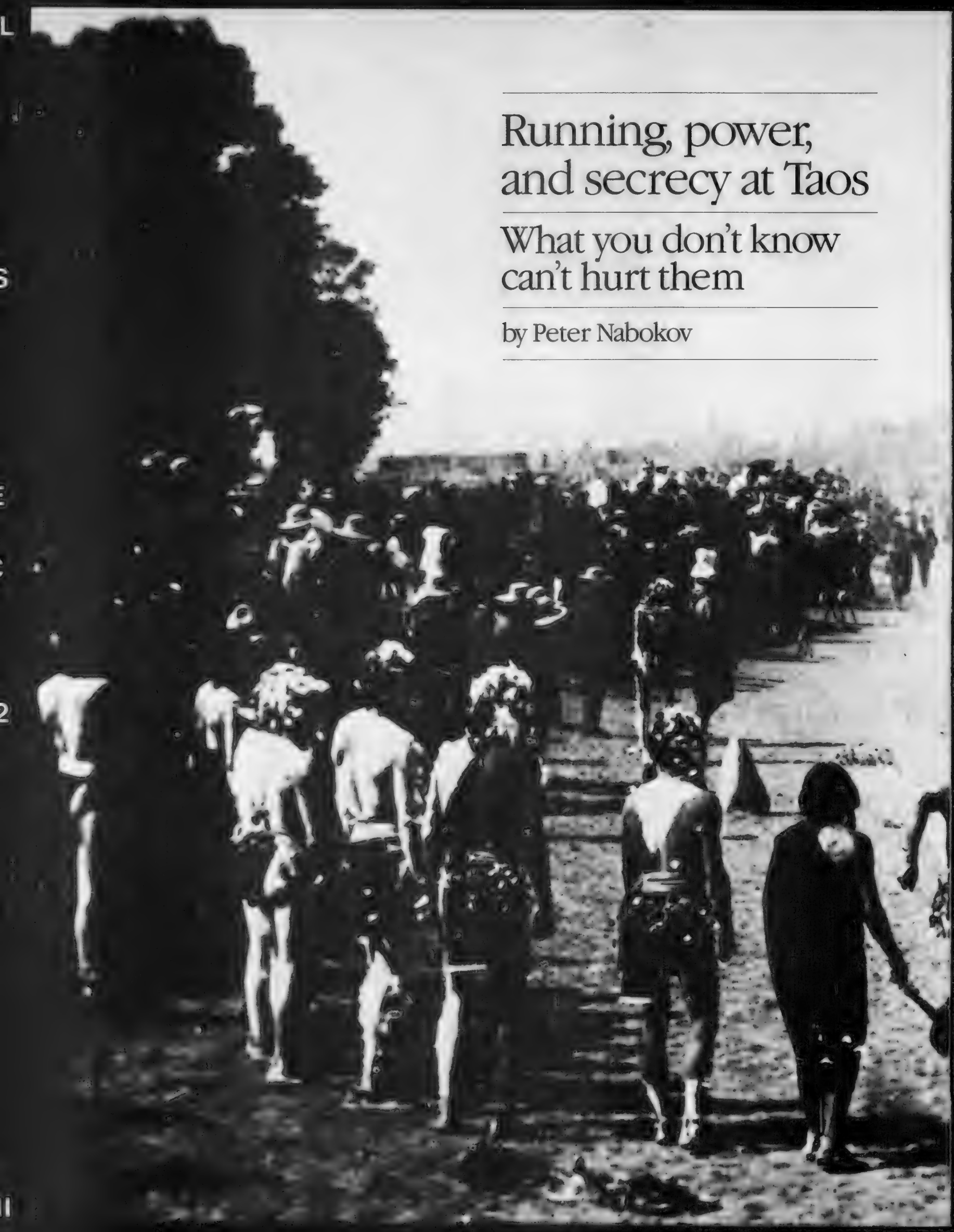
Running, power, and secrecy at Taos

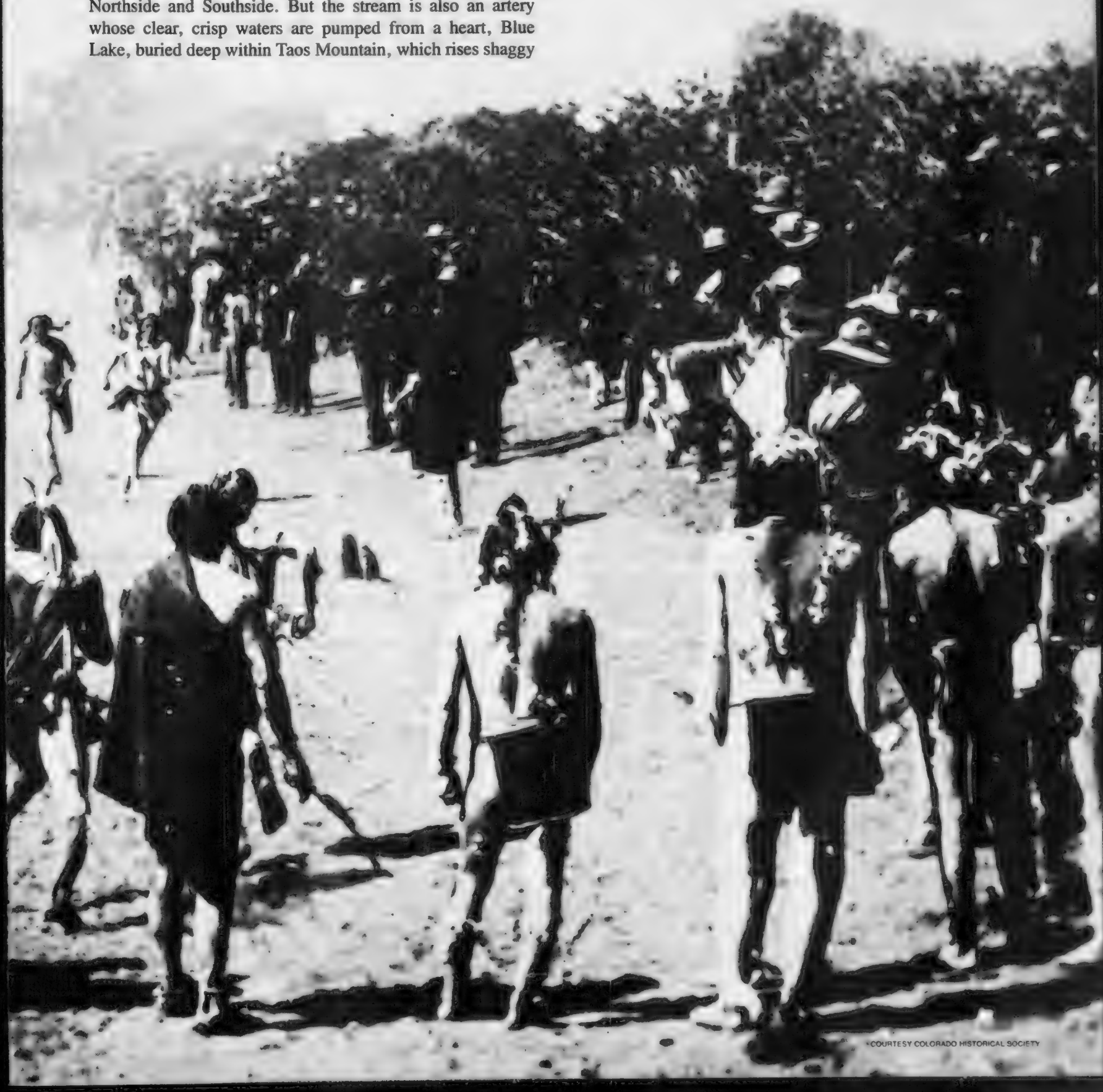
What you don't know can't hurt them

by Peter Nabokov



THE TAOS PUEBLO PADDY WAGON charged across the lumpy Northside plaza like an irritated elephant. Visitors skittered away from its bumper as if tusks were about to gore their classy down-filled coats. "Anyone who writes in any newspaper or magazine will be prosecuted," crackled its voice box. "Move those cars. Now!" Drivers scurried to rescue vehicles tipped against the berm of Taos Creek; they were blocking the so-called American bridge which led to the bazaar of booths set up for vendors on the Southside plaza. Called Red Willow Creek in the Tiwa tongue, the creek rushes diagonally through this earthen expanse, halving the town socially and politically as well as architecturally into Northside and Southside. But the stream is also an artery whose clear, crisp waters are pumped from a heart, Blue Lake, buried deep within Taos Mountain, which rises shaggy

Every September 30 in Taos Pueblo, New Mexico, festivities honor San Geronimo, the Pueblo's patron saint, and celebrate the autumn harvest. Among the most important activities on that day are the sacred relay races. Though their meaning is kept secret from outsiders, the races have long attracted crowds of visitors. In this photograph, taken on San Geronimo Day in 1893, two relay runners approach the east end of the race path, having started their vigorous stint at the Pueblo, seen in the distance.



COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PHOTO BY DICK KENT, ALBUQUERQUE

This contemporary aerial view of Taos Pueblo clearly reveals the wall around the ancient, self-contained community and its division into Northside (on the left) and Southside by Taos Creek. Footbridges link the two sections. Paralleling the course of the sun across the sky, the course taken by the relay racers runs east to west (E to W in the photograph), with the west end among the Northside houses and the east end outside the Pueblo wall. Among the houses and kivas of Taos can be seen the white entrance arch to the Catholic churchyard, facing the central open space, near the bottom of the picture. Moving south in front of the church, one comes to the "American Bridge" across Taos Creek. In the lower left corner of the photograph is the old graveyard.

and forbidding on this overcast morning. Still, in 1981, it is the only water allowed in the community. "We are in one nest," goes a Taos saying; for a thousand years all occupants have been restored daily by this single lifeline.

The Taos "nest" was packed with outsiders, since this was San Geronimo fiesta, a dual celebration of the Pueblo's patron saint and the autumn harvest. It is also a carry-over of the eighteenth and nineteenth century annual trade fairs which long drew the curious and commercial to socialize, sell, eat, and witness the sacred relay races, the bawdy, rampaging Black Eye society clowns, and the open-air dancing. Over the generations that whites have descended upon the Pueblo every September 30, it seems that a certain tension between visitor curiosity and occupant secrecy has been screwed gradually tighter.

How could it be otherwise? In an age applauding information inundation and freedom of access, this conservative enclave still says to the blandest inquiries about its beliefs and doings: it is for us to know and you not to find out. Ironically, this day was supposed to be Taos's annual "open house."

The Taos runners join forces to empower Father Sun to maintain his strength throughout the wintertime.

For days, Indian kitchens have been turning out salads and turkeys, and the outdoor, beehive ovens have seen round-the-clock stoking, firing, and baking of loaves and pies.

At the same time, Taos can no more turn off its reflex response of passive but utter resistance to outside penetration, can no more resolve the ambivalence between what one anthropologist has called its "facade of polite affability and a wall of reticence," than can its sophisticated adorers or cultural explorers keep from straining to satisfy their curiosity with the place. San Geronimo Day is thus a contradictory happening for Taoseños, a sort of subtle and inevitable cultural skirmish. (I hear that the Taos xenophobia might be heightened because of a secret gathering of Rio Grande Indian leaders at Santo Domingo Pueblo some six weeks back, alarmed about the unauthorized sale of ritual objects.)

While you respectfully appreciate the foot-running and the clowns' antics, any attempt to discover more or to document them will be met with the notorious zipped lip of Taos. It is wrenching for many Americans to hear there are things they cannot find out; at San Geronimo the enjoyment comes, if one can swallow asking "whys" for it all, not in explanations but in the experience. You watch these young men run in your country's supremely colorful and most ancient athletic spectacle, but you can carry it home only in your imagination and in your heart.

Staged during this fiesta, and also on the third of May, these races are survivals of but one form of Pueblo running event, the sacred relays. Once performed throughout the Rio Grande pueblos, the races take place on east-to-west tracks paralleling the sun's movement across the sky. Practically undetectable to the casual visitor, the tracks themselves are critical domains in Pueblo town planning. When the roadbed between Taos and Ranchos was surveyed some thirty years back, the Pueblo was upset that an ancient footracing track would be violated, and fought the road-graders for years.

When explanations for the running are quick to come by or sound definitive, they are probably wrong, perhaps intentionally so. Shortly after the 1981 San Geronimo festival a young Taos college student solicited cautious quotes from elders to accompany her show of rediscovered historical photos of Taos relays, but even then she felt compelled to censor all her explanations. While Northside and Southside runners are pitted against each other, it is apparently not to decide who will rule for the coming year; nor, it turns out, are they really engaged in a contest. They are joining forces to empower Father Sun (some comments suggest the moon as well) to maintain his strength through the winter. The format and function defy our categories; it is competition that becomes unification in its unfolding. Explanations may even be beside the point to Taoseños, for they have vaguely cited a good harvest and the hope for rain as other reasons.

In the absence of conclusive "becauses," the literary lights who have witnessed the events have enjoyed an interpretive field day. After D. H. Lawrence was brought by the Luhans to see the Taos dashers in 1922, his imagination took off: "They are not racing to win a race," he wrote in *Indians and Entertainment*. "They are not racing for a prize. They are not racing to show their prowess. They are putting forth all their might, all their strength, in a tension that is half anguish, half ecstasy, in the effort to gather into their souls more and more of the creative fire, the creative energy which will carry their tribe through the year, through the vicissitudes of the months. . . ."

WE ARRIVED AT THE PUEBLO well past the sunset prayer that blesses the celebrations. It was dark and spooky as we ground in first gear along the rear of the five-story Northside house-block. Piñon and cedar smoke tinctured the night air, and I recalled a friend's child who once dashed towards a pueblo plaza, calling excitedly, "Mama, mama, I can smell the drums." To one side crumbled the four-foot adobe wall that surrounds the town on five sides, its architectural link to the Anasazi prehistoric world. Today it is less a physical deterrant to plains marauders than a psychological stiff arm to the twentieth century. On the other side the ghostly dome of one of Taos's four sacred refuse-heaps seemed like a sentinel questioning our business. San Geronimo occasions an annual pueblo clean-up for winter; here the ash from hearth and oven are carefully deposited for their return to nature, and the walls and ovens are replastered in anticipation of the winter "quiet time" when the town goes into ritual seclusion.

From behind the honeycomb of stacked adobe houses we noticed grey smoke pouring skyward, and then heard the drone of young men in the kivas. I was aware that celibacy, fasting, and isolation generally precede these relays. "White fellows rest before a race," an Indian runner said to Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, the only scholar to attempt a summary monograph on Taos, "but we stay up all night." When we cut the engine, the chorus of voices seemed carried upwards with the sparks that shone and zigzagged into the starless night.

Shortly after dawn when we entered the plaza the next morning, the little church was jammed for mass. Outside, early visitors were milling or setting up shop, and men in braids were leaning an old hand-hewn kiva ladder, its rungs secured by hardened buffalo hide, against a huge, smoothed pine trunk. Sixty feet up to its top, another man was precariously fastening colored-cloth sacks of bread and pumpkins and an upside-down, dead sheep. Here the Black Eyes, first appearing like raucous barbarians on the uppermost ramparts of the Northside houses in midafternoon, would climax their irreverent takeover by clambering to the top of the pole for these spoils.

Normally one enters the Taos wall alongside the church by paying a five dollar "parking fee," which was suspended that day. Taos parcels its picturesqueness cunningly. One

PHOTO ATTRIBUTED TO BERT G. PHILLIPS. COURTESY KIT CARSON MEMORIAL MUSEUM, TAOS

Since the trauma of the Spanish period, Indians have not welcomed outsiders into their ritual life.

(Above) *Ready for their part in the San Geronimo Day relay races, Southside runners cross Taos Creek by the old log bridge. This picture is a composite of two photographs from the early twentieth century; they are attributed to the Taos artist Bert G. Phillips and have not been previously published.* (Opposite) *In this turn-of-the-century photograph, curious visitors throng Pueblo roofs and press upon the race path while Taos relay runners wait at the west end of the course for the next lap. Wearing scanty running attire, the barefooted racers have painted their bodies in designs of various colors and have added bits of eagle-down to make them light-of-foot for the coming contest.*

wanders the apparently abandoned plaza for fifteen minutes, watches a few of its citizens on mysterious errands, is properly astonished by the town's ability to seem simultaneously miniature and monumental. Fixed in tourist ritual, you photograph the deeply shadowed adobe facades and then wonder what else to do. A second tour tells you not much, and you drive away. If you dare penetrate the ominous sanctity behind the houses and meander near kiva locations, you are testing the inner membrane of Taos space. Inevitably someone waves you away without a shred of doubt about who's in charge.

Since Spanish days those very kivas have fired non-Indian imagination, fantasy, and curiosity. Dubbed *estufas* by the Spanish missionaries, they epitomized the devil-worship that priests sought to extirpate. The underground, over-heated havens for pagan mysteries seemed perfect pictures of the Catholic hell. Ironically, to the Pueblos they were also reproductions of cosmology; in them lay the *sipapu*, the tiny pit which commemorated their mythic birth from the womb of Mother Earth. When these sky and earth religions collided during the all-Pueblo Revolt in 1680 and the Indians retook the Southwest, a new kiva hastily constructed in Santa Fe's plaza seemed the ideal symbol for Indian spiritual victory.

To scholars in Pueblo ways the kiva has likewise been a magnet. After the trauma of the Spanish period, however, the Indians have not welcomed white outsiders into their ritual life. The Pueblos seemed to grow a second skin; what had already been closed kiva-brotherhoods, exclusive curing societies, and private kachina-cults were now enshrouded

COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

by secrecy. Scholars found this hard to accept and got into trouble. In the autumn of 1880 Adolf F. Bandelier, beginning the fieldwork that would lead to his fictionalization of prehistoric Indians, *The Delight Makers,* was starved out of Santo Domingo for prying into their beliefs and kivas. Three years later the explorer John Bourke, known for his early writings on the Hopi Snake Dance, began descending a kiva ladder at Santo Domingo and was suddenly "seized from above by the neck and shoulders, and from below by the legs and feet, and [was] lifted or thrown out of the Estufa, the Indians yelling at the tops of their voices."

Here at Taos, exclusivity and silence became especially directed at Americans and their ways. Dr. Parsons watched enviously as a Chinese tourist was welcomed into a Taos kiva while during her fieldwork there in 1931 she was denied access at every turn, describing her informants as "past masters in the art of evasion and subterfuge." It was perhaps the most frustrating episode in her career, and she confessed to being "less certain of the accuracy of the following data than of any information I have recorded about the Pueblos during the past twenty years." Although Dr. Parsons dedicated her meager results to "the most scrupulous Pueblo Indian of my acquaintance, who told me nothing about the pueblo and who never will tell any white person anything his people would not have him tell, which is nothing," the Taos leaders hunted for her informant. It is said that upon finding he had died two years before, they deprived his son of rights to communal lands. Rumor has it that others who cooperated with anthropologists in the past have paid more dearly.

I WAS NOT BUDGING FROM MY PRIME PERCH amid the shoulder-to-shoulder onlookers on the rooftops when a cry drew my eyes across the plaza. On the opposite skyline a single file of Southside runners strode toward the old log footbridge with theatrical slowness, extras in some immense, open-air opera. They spread along the quarter-mile track with quiet formality, while the Northside runners emerged beneath us to face them. All told there were some hundred and sixty young men. Every runner was covered with body paint—ocher, black, and white daubed in designs on legs, arms, and chests. Many sported long ponytails or braids, and fluffy eagle-down dotted their bodies and hair. All wore moccasins and breechcloths or decorated kilts over jockey shorts; vine-like or butterfly designs were embroidered in costume sequins. Delicate yucca-fiber bands were bound around wrists, ankles, and necks. As they began to sing, the sound grew like an anthem.

The runners split up, forty from Northside and forty from Southside strolling to each end of the track. Enveloped in blankets, their spindly legs emerging from moccasins, older men positioned themselves every six yards or so along the track. Waiting for the action they darted out to remove dangerous rocks and nervously whisked the yellow aspen whips with which they would hasten the runners. Near my freshly plastered roof parapet a two-tiered, corn drying rack had been entirely clothed with aspen boughs, transforming it into a yellow, leafy sanctuary for the church's *santo*. In this viewing platform sat the Catholic priest and older women attendants to the figurine; above them a wooden cross had

PHOTO ATTRIBUTED TO BERT G PHILLIPS COURTESY KIT CARSON MEMORIAL MUSEUM, TAOS

(Above) *As runners arrive from the east end of the relay course, their counterparts eagerly sprint out to meet them in front of Northside houses at Taos Pueblo.* (Right) *A solicitous elder encourages young runners to exert greater effort by use of a whip fashioned from a small, aspen bough. Both of these photographs date from the early twentieth century in an unpublished collection thought to have been made by Taos artist Bert G. Phillips.*

PHOTO ATTRIBUTED TO BERT G PHILLIPS COURTESY KIT CARSON MEMORIAL MUSEUM, TAOS

Pueblo ferocity about privacy has been taken as a challenge by some white anthropologists.

been thickly wrapped with blood-red aspen leaves.

On the ground below me the starters, chosen in trials some days earlier, shook out their leg muscles as elders behind them whispered softly and stroked their flanks with eagle wing-tip plumes. They would set the race's pace. One whipper from the sidelines darted onto the track to sprinkle some eagle-down as a blessing for speed; all at once the crowd tensed as tiny figures hurtling towards us from the opposite end signaled the start. The boys below me bent and tensed; women trilled with their tongues. As the oncoming runners gained on the boulder markers, their replacements were dispatched by a touch from the attentive coaches. Churning frantically into high speed, they were blurs of motion halfway down the track as the dust settled and eagle-down floated to the dirt. The whippers turned from the boys to flick a stray dog into increasingly frantic speed down the track until it disappeared into the crowd.

Back and forth the runners tore, with any sense of contest at the outset evaporating with each passing lap. Opposing coaches had been quietly chatting from the start; now the boys exchanged banter and smiles. The tongue-trilling encouragement seemed less partisan, onlookers took turns in deck chairs, spotted old acquaintances, talked to neighbors. The running seemed to hit a proper rhythm and hold as the number of moccasins parked side-by-side, while the boys ran barefoot, grew in a tidy line. One runner turned on a stone and barreled to earth, to be instantly mobbed by comforters. He broke free to limp back into line. A man with a Minox secretly clicked away, while a more naive photographer with a conspicuous camera bag was firmly escorted to his car by worried-looking Taos elders. I lost count of the turns each runner was taking, if stronger runners were given more laps, who was ahead, and somehow it didn't seem to matter. Overhead the sun hung like an aluminum disc behind a milky screen of clouds. A single-prop plane hummed loudly and buzzed the crammed plaza. Angrily a whipper looked up. "No respect," he said. "Nobody shows respect."

IN EARLIER YEARS WHITES PHOTOGRAPHED these races, and Taos has had to accept their reproduction. When some glass plates shot by Taos painter Bert Phillips in the 1920s recently turned up, the Pueblo sanctioned its own modest exhibit using them, but Taos hostility to such exposure remains strong. Whites have responded with a curious spectrum of attitudes. To anthropologists like Dr. Parsons and Leslie White, Pueblo ferocity about privacy seemed to be taken as a challenge. In his obituary on Elsie Parsons, the eminent anthropologist Leslie Spier praised her because "she had broached the wall of secretiveness to the benefit of every other ethnologist of the Southwest." Nor did ethical questions bother White as he invited Keresan elders to his Albuquerque hotel room for duels of wits over what he wanted to know and what they tried to hide.

A more empathetic response was nurtured in the salon of the vibrant bohemian writer, Mabel Dodge, and her Taos Indian husband, Antonio Luhan. To visiting artists, intellectuals, and policy-makers they introduced an idealistic view of Taos which revered its mysticism and struggled to accept its secrecy. In volume four of her *Intimate Memories*, Mabel described how she learned from Tony the dangers of attempting to "make the world one through understanding." She continued, "There is possibly a necessity for certain unknown factors in life to remain unknown so as to maintain a true balance of power." She had "learned very early from the Indians that they believe the power goes out of a truth as soon as it is told, spoken or written down."

In a 1925 letter to anthropologist Ruth Benedict, Mabel's mysterious scholar friend Jaime de Angulo echoed this attitude more emphatically. Benedict had asked if de Angulo knew of a Taos informant whom she could take to a "safely American place" to interrogate about myths and rituals. "Oh God, Ruth, you have no idea how much that has hurt me," de Angulo replied. "But do you realize that it is just that sort of thing that kills the Indians? I mean it seriously.... They just lie down and die. That's what you anthropologists with your infernal curiosity and your thirst for scientific data bring about. Don't you understand the psychological value of secrecy at a certain level of culture? You know enough of analytical psychology to know that there are things which must not be brought to the light of day, otherwise they wither and die like uprooted plants.... If it were Mrs. Parsons I wouldn't give a damn. If I ever find her or any other anthropologist ferreting out secrets in Taos or any other pueblo I will immediately denounce her and her informants to the old men."

A third attitude has exhibited a variation of what French philosopher René Guenon has called the modern world's "hatred of secrecy," the equating of freedom with access, democracy with openness. A kind of resentment and distrust of Taos's insularity comes out in indirect ways. Simone de Beauvoir once suggested that whites might be excluded from Taos kivas as part of a devious strategy to entice tourists by appealing to their dark fantasies. As recently as the last decade an anthropologist published her theory that Taos was suffering from overcrowding, a condition that caused social distance, aggressiveness, secrecy, and "travelling over long distances." She went so far as to explain Taos behavioral patterns by citing population-density experiments performed on Norway rats, where pathological withdrawal or aggression was induced by cramming too many rats in a cage. As for the Taos love of long-distance visiting, she referred to experiments with mice "in which stress was reduced as a result of emigration." Based on speculation rather than experience, yet available for all to read, this sort of academic treatment has taught Taos to be leery of outsiders interested in its culture. Taoseños probably would perceive this insult to their autonomy and experience as a vindication of the impulse to

It is the race of all humanity with the wonder of creation. No man wins. No man loses.

be secret even about their secrecy.

Other Anglos simply take Taos at its word. After her visit there in 1954 author Jacquetta Hawkes believed: "The integrity of their religious life, its inspiration of their whole existence, is the inner power which has enabled the Pueblos to hold out against all the forces of alien religions, commerce and wars. And in defending that integrity, sworn secrecy has been one of their most useful weapons." An author in the Southwest volume of the Smithsonian Institution's new *Handbook of North American Indians* concludes a brief, vague summary on Taos beliefs with a rare scholarly surrender: "The Taos would not approve of an exposition of their religious system, and until they want the total fabric of their religious belief revealed, it would be improper to delve into the complex esotericism so characteristic of this aspect of Taos culture."

Just when I broke through the impatience barrier and was content to have the running run so long as the sun should need, it stopped. But less emphatically—it was just no longer happening, as the runners milled to mid-track for collective song exchanges and prayers. Wrapped in a pink plaid blanket, an old man with frail braids and a cane led the first prayer, the Taos elders around him looking like Roman senators. Health was extended to the entire Pueblo by the lines of dancing runners. As they broke rank, cans of pop and Cracker Jack boxes were fired to them from the rooftops with friendly aim. Once again we did not share in this protocol, and queries seemed pushy. In the crowd someone pointed out to me an old man said to be the model for Frank Waters's Martiniano in his novel about Taos, *The Man Who Killed the Deer*. I was reminded how Waters ended his description of this race. "It is a race of the individual against the limits of his own flesh, and it is the unending race of all humanity with the wonder of creation. No man wins. No man loses. But as each walks away, his broad chest heaving, his knees trembling, it is with the ecstatic look in his eyes of one who has spent himself to the full and, before he faltered, seen over the horizon the sunrise glow of his final victory."

Perhaps. I just felt excluded from meaning, even from adequate description of what it left in my heart and memory. The runners formally departed and I tracked them hungrily,

After the relay races, the Black Eye buffoons create amiable confusion by playing tricks on other Taoseños. They cap their adventures by shinnying up a tall, smooth pine trunk to claim the loot there—a dead sheep and other delectables. The photograph is early twentieth century.

COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

reluctant to have them disappear. The Southside boys retraced their route across the great log bridge, the waters rushing loudly beneath their moccasins. They ascended the alleys, reappeared once more as they swung towards the jutting kiva ladders, and were out of sight.

Later, as the Black Eyes gleefully tore apart the cross from the *santo* shelter, ripping at its blood-red boughs with irreverent fury, I met a Taos runner I knew. Together we watched other clowns steal bicycles, drag old ladies to dance, terrorize children, scold drunks, and create amiable mayhem. I suppose we are bred to equate information with understanding, and before I could catch myself I heard my question, "Why were those yucca wristlets worn?" As if to let me off the hook, he did not entirely clam up. "I could only tell you something superficial," he said, his eyes beginning to glide over the crowd in search of someone it was clearly time to see. "When you talk about it, it loses power. It's deep, very, very deep." He shook his head thoughtfully. "I can't talk about meanings," he said, and eased away.

After the Black Eye buffoons had commandeered the local fire engine and thoroughly drenched themselves, they managed to ladder and shinny their way to the top of the pole, and soon dance drums boomed in the plaza. I left for a meal at the home of an Indian friend. I felt inwardly wrung out.

On my walk back to the Pueblo I took a shortcut to meet my ride down to Santa Fe. Heading on the path towards me were two young men, and I recognized with a start that they were runners in everyday clothes, telltale paint still smeared on their cheeks. One held a neatly packed roll of green fibers, and suddenly I realized that these must be the collected yucca wristlets and anklets from all the runners. They walked purposefully toward open country as if on a special mission. They passed, and I did not look over my shoulder. I raised my head to Taos Mountain and took a deep breath. The atavistic wisdom of old sayings percolated into my mind: curiosity killed the cat; silence is golden; what you don't know won't hurt you—or them. I turned my head back to the path and forced myself to think about something else. ✡

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Peter Nabokov *is the author of* Indian Running, *a study of the heritage of native running throughout the Americas, published in 1981. Next year* Native American Architecture *by Nabokov and Robert Eastman, the first major presentation of North American Indian architectural traditions, will be published.*

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The Santa Fe Railway and early Southwest artists

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by Ted Schwarz

Grand Canyon (opposite) *by Thomas Moran (1837–1926), oil on canvas, 1912, 30" x 40", acquired 1914.*

THOMAS MORAN STOOD ON THE RIM of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, astonished at the majestic spectacle before him. It was, he said, "by far the most awfully grand and impressive scene that I have ever yet seen."

Inspired by the West's grandiose landscapes, this talented artist had already painted the valleys of the Yellowstone and Yosemite before he first came to the Grand Canyon in 1873. His emotional response to that awesome space, revealed in canvases that are as powerful today as they were in his time, focused a new interest on the West. Almost twenty years after Moran first painted the great chasm of the Colorado, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway became his patron in an arrangement that advanced the fortunes of the railroad and encouraged artists of the Southwest.

After the nation flexed its muscle with the joining of the first transcontinental rails in Utah, in 1869, numerous railroads pushed their lines across the Western expanse. Americans moved to follow the sun and Mr. Greeley's advice by riding the iron horse in its gallop to the promised land. Competing lines fought for a greater share of patronage with schemes to lure passengers westward and strove to encourage Western tourism by persuading well-off Easterners to take the train to visit and admire Western scenery.

To publicize attractions in the regions that it served, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe hired artists to extol the grandeur of the West. Since Thomas Moran's portrayals of the Grand Canyon were already popular, the ATSF asked Moran as early as 1892 to paint a picture that could be used in their advertising. The Railway arranged to provide Moran's transportation and lodging on a trip into the Canyon area. The artist painted whatever he liked and then assigned the copyright of one painting (chosen by the Railway) to ATSF for promotional use. The work selected was another magnificent portrayal of the Canyon, which was reproduced as a color lithograph and distributed across the country by the thousands to schools, hotels, railroad stations, private homes, and offices.

After the reorganization of the ATSF in the mid-1890s the new president, Edward P. Ripley, improved the Santa Fe service. He made the trains more comfortable and provided excellent meals and accommodations along the way at Fred Harvey's restaurants and hotels, where travelers were encouraged to stop over. When Thomas Moran first painted the Grand Canyon for the Santa Fe, he was obliged to leave the train at Flagstaff and take a stagecoach to the Canyon. Soon after the turn of the century the ATSF built a line directly to the south rim of the Canyon and opened El Tovar Hotel there, as well as "Hopi House" to sell crafts of the Hopi tribe. They also arranged tours into the surrounding country.

The ATSF now offered first-class transportation and hotel accommodations, quality restaurants, and scenery and local color. The only missing element was paying guests. Ripley and his advertising manager, William Simpson, set out to bring in those customers, and they were able to captivate Easterners with romantic scenes painted by Southwest artists.

As the Santa Fe began looking for the Southwest scenes to advertise its attractions, many American painters were reject-

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ing European artistic traditions and seeking new subjects for their canvases. Most of the artists engaged by the ATSF were members of art colonies in Taos and Santa Fe, New Mexico, who had come to the West piqued by various fantasies. Joseph Henry Sharp traveled from Cincinnati to Taos in 1893 to fulfill a youthful desire to sketch Pueblo Indians. He said that he had to see them in the flesh so that he could feel worthy of drawing them. Several years later at the Julien Academy in Paris, Sharp's enthusiasm for Taos intrigued fellow American artists Ernest Blumenschein and Bert Phillips. Blumenschein described their rebellion against European painting of that time:

> We were ennuied with the hackneyed subject matter of thousands of painters, windmills in a Dutch landscape, Brittany peasants with sabots, French roads lined with Normandy poplars, lady in negligee reclining on a sumptuous divan, lady gazing in mirror, lady powdering her nose, etc., etc. We felt the need for a stimulating subject.

After Blumenschein and Phillips returned to New York City, their fascination with the West grew. Blumenschein visited New Mexico on a sketching trip for an eastern magazine in the winter of 1897–1898. By early spring, he and Phillips decided to explore and sketch Indian country together, and they boarded the train for Denver. As Phillips explained: "There were no Indians in Denver, but we knew they were not far away, somewhere in or behind the Rockies looming up magnificently in the West."

At Denver the two artists left the train and optimistically purchased horses, harness, and a wagon, although neither man knew how to use them. As innocent tenderfeet they were certain that the "Indian danger" still threatened, and they bought weapons to repel attacks. On this memorable excursion the loss of a wagon wheel near Taos, New Mexico, brought Blumenschein and Phillips to the village for repairs. Their fascination with the region and its people was so compelling that they made Taos the center of their artistic life. Soon they became the nucleus for an artist colony that included Sharp, E. Irving Couse, Edmund Berninghaus, and

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Buffalo Dance at Mishongnovi (above) *by Louis Hovey Sharp (1875–1946), oil on canvas, 26" x 37", acquired 1913.*

Taos Indian Holding Water Jug (right) *by Ernest Leonard Blumenschein (1874–1960), oil on canvas, 30" x 25", acquired 1911.*

Coronado Beach (opposite) *by Louis Betts, oil on canvas, 34" x 24", acquired 1907.*

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Many of the paintings were displayed at El Tovar Hotel or sold through the Hopi House at Grand Canyon.

Three Women of Taos (above) *by Victor Higgins (1884–1949), oil on canvas, 35" x 40", acquired 1916.*

San Geronimo Day, Taos (opposite) *by Grace Ravlin (1885–1956), oil on canvas, 26" x 32", acquired 1917.*

William Herbert Dunton. With these six men among the founders, a formal organization was created in 1912, the Taos Society of Artists, to promote and market the works of its members.

Many of the assignments given by the Santa Fe Railway were made to painters in the Taos Society of Artists. Simpson, who purchased art for Fred Harvey's as well as for the Santa Fe, negotiated for each painting, always looking for a bargain. Usually he arranged for a painter to take an expense-paid, three-to-four-week trip through the West, often including the Grand Canyon. The Railway then had the right to acquire whatever pieces it wanted from the works done during the trip. Sometimes the artists exchanged paintings for their expenses; other times they received an additional fee. Many of the paintings were displayed at El Tovar Hotel or sold through Hopi House at the Canyon; others were used across the country to advertise the railroad. For example, artist William Leigh was sent to the Grand Canyon in 1906; five of his paintings from that trip were selected to decorate

COURTESY SANTA FE RAILWAY

and publicize El Tovar Hotel and Bright Angel Lodge on the Canyon rim.

Sometimes Simpson set a fee and ordered the subject matter for a particular work. On June 8, 1911, he wrote to Blumenschein who was then dividing his time between New Mexico and New York, where he worked as a magazine illustrator:

> If you go out to Taos this summer will be glad to buy painting of you. On looking over what is left of our small art fund, find it will be impossible to spend more than $400. We doubt you can give us something worthwhile for that amount. Prefer an Indian subject with Taos Pueblo in background, if such a thing is feasible. Such a picture would have an advertising value apart from its art quality.

There probably was little doubt in Simpson's mind that Blumenschein would accept the fee. Artists regularly took the fees offered by the Santa Fe and painted within the guidelines set by the Railway. However, this situation was sometimes embarrassing, and Blumenschein occasionally showed disdain for fellow artists whom he felt were corrupted in this way.

FOR EXAMPLE, IRVING COUSE WON A CONTEST with a painting showing a squatting Indian. Simpson was so pleased with the picture that he arranged for Couse's works to appear on ATSF calendars twenty-two times, including every year from 1923 through 1938. Blumenschein felt that Couse's efforts to please the railroad slowed his artistic development, and attacked Couse's work during a private talk in 1935. Later, he apologized with another insult, writing to Couse on May 8, 1935:

> What I said of you was as follows. First I told of your early struggle painting sheep. Then how one day for a

(Continued on page 39)

Gary Riecke

Herd Bull — Carrara Marble Sculpture

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(*Pliny,* Natural History, 1st Century A.D.)

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calendar contest you painted an Indian squatting before a buffalo hide on which he was drawing. A child stood by him. The painting won the competition prize and made Couse famous. As a result of his success he has been painting the same squatting Indian ever since and it is still in demand.

Southwest artists may have been "used" by the Sante Fe, but they also benefitted greatly. Though they accepte[d] lower prices than they might have liked, they still did well. Couse received $20,000 per year from the railroad when he was supplying pictures for calendars. Walter Ufer, who became a member of the Taos Society of Artists in 1914, collected from $3,000 to $5,000 each for some of his large works.

The Railway's art purchases varied each year according to budget and advertising needs. Ten paintings were bought in 1910 and seventy-three in 1917. Between 1922 and 1931, one hundred and thirty-two paintings were acquired, the majority from Taos and Santa Fe artists. The total ATSF collection eventually numbered more than 500 paintings.

The current holdings of the Santa Fe Railway represent a broad cross-section of Southwestern art from the major pioneers in this field in the twentieth century. They range from scenes of the Grand Canyon to images of Indian life in the various pueblos. Only a few, such as *Indians Attacking*

The Santa Fe collection includes a broad cross-section of Southwestern art from pioneers of this century.

San Francisco Peaks *by Bertha Menzler–Dressler (1874–1947), oil on canvas, 1898, 30" x 40", acquired 1903. This was the first painting in the Santa Fe Railway collection.*

Though artists sometimes felt "used" by the Santa Fe, they were enabled to develop unique Western images.

Overland Train by Charles Craig (1907), involve the traditional conflict between white settlers and Indians, so popular in the movies.

The artistic results of the advertising efforts of the ATSF have been far more important than the calendars, lithographs, and hotel displays. The fees from the Railway enabled artists, primarily in the Southwest, to develop a set of unique American images. The ATSF helped build the nation and also financed the growth of a major heritage in the world of Western art.

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El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon *by Louis B. Akin (1868–1913), oil on canvas, 25" x 50", acquired 1907.*

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Assistance with this article was provided by Sherry Brown of the Archives of the Southwestern Artists; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway; and Fenn Galleries, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Among the material used from the Archives are original letters by Blumenschein and Phillips, the Taos Society of Artists' business records, and ATSF correspondence negotiating for the purchase of various paintings.

Ted Schwarz *is a free-lance writer with numerous books and articles to his credit.*

In the enchanting land of tequila

Bounties from the blue agave

by Michael Wallis
photographs by Terrence Moore

HIGH SUMMER IN JALISCO near the town of Amatitán. Each night, rain washes the Mexican highlands where rows of ripe agaves stretch in endless procession to the Sierra Madre Occidental. By sunrise the air is savory, and the droning call of locusts interrupts the day. Beyond the acres of imposing agaves, roars the Río Grande de Santiago, plunging through rock and time toward the faraway Pacific.

In these peaceful growing fields lie large volcanic rocks, heaved from the earth centuries ago. Now nature is quiet, and the stately agave flourishes in the rich volcanic soil as it has ever since the worship of Aztec gods. In the west-central state of Jalisco, the agave is special. It is *Agave tequilana* or "blue agave." From the heart of this plant come the juices that make tequila, a drink whose history is obscured by fables.

A man walks down the stone road leading to the agave crop, planted nine years before and now ready to be taken. He is a *jimador,* or "field hand," and he carries a time-cherished tool called a *coa,* with a long wooden handle and metal head, shaped like a broad, flattened spoon. Tied to the *jimador's* belt is a small file to hone the blade to a keen edge.

The *jimador* selects an agave, and with both hands grasping the *coa* like a lance, he thrusts the blade into the plant and bites off a long, pointed leaf. After chopping off several of these leaves, or *pencas,* the *jimador* places his foot on top of the agave and hacks at the bottom of the core to separate it from its roots. The gash widens. In less than a minute the agave topples.

A good *jimador* can harvest at least one hundred agaves a day. This man is tireless and often cuts twice that many, pausing only at noon when the sun boils overhead and his daughters bring him a basket of lunch. In his lifetime he has harvested perhaps a million agaves.

After trimming off all the leaves, the *jimador* turns to the huge pineapplelike heart known as the *piña,* slicing it in half to expose a white, pulpy interior. Some juices trickle from the severed heart and mix in the fertile dust. Using trucks or mules, crews transport the *piñas* to a nearby distillery where the juices are transformed into smooth tequila.

The cactuslike appearance of agave is deceptive. The

(Opposite) *Without fear of the agave's sharply pointed leaves, a* jimador *stabs forcefully at the base of the plant. After severing the roots of the agave and freeing it from the soil, he will use the keen blade of his* coa *to remove the leaves.* (Above) *In this harvest scene, a field worker loads a burro with piñas–agave hearts heavy with the juices that make tequila. This cargo is destined for the nearby distillery of Tequila Herradura.* (Left) *Water is precious in these highlands of Jalisco. This stone aqueduct, which once carried water to the villagers of Amatitán, now stands as a picturesque reminder of the past.*

Pulque: Drink of the gods

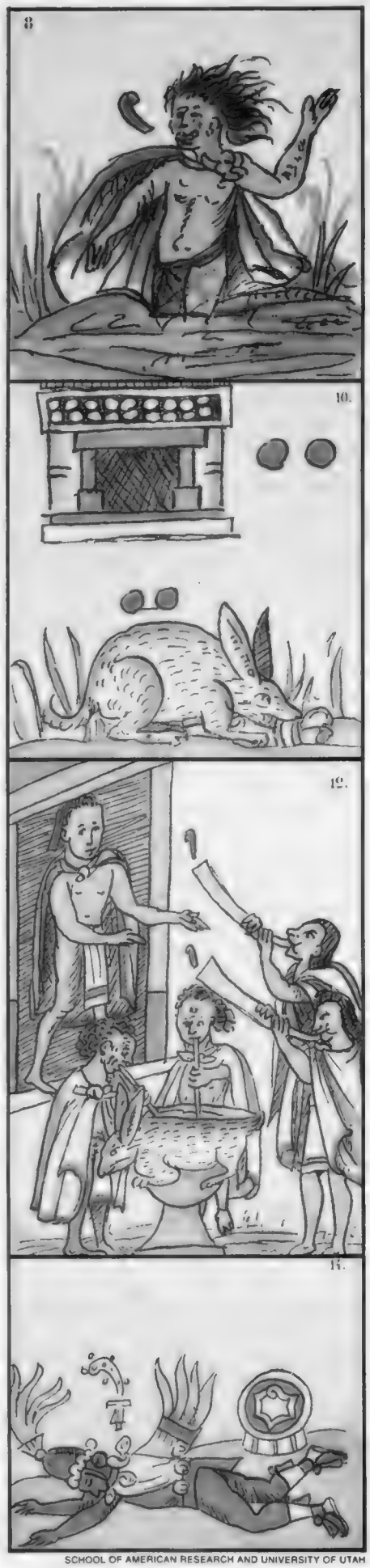
Pulque, legendary potion of the gods, is a naturally fermented drink made from the juices of the agave or maguey plant. It can be traced back to the tenth century and the Toltec civilization of early Mexico. Tradition credits a lowly rodent with the discovery of pulque. During the reign of Tecpancaltzin, eighth ruler of the Toltecs, a noble named Papantzin saw a field mouse gnawing a hole in the bulb of a maguey plant. The man sampled the curdy juice and found it rather tasty. To win the pleasure of his king, the nobleman sent his daughter, the Princess Xochitl, with a bowl of the juice to the royal palace. But Tecpancaltzin was more impressed with the damsel than the juice. He held her captive, and from their union came a child named Meconetzin, or the Child of Maguey.

Pulque also appears in the legends surrounding the ancient deity Quetzalcóatl, the Plumed Serpent, god of wind and patron of the arts. But there was a human Quetzalcóatl as well—a Toltec king who, as a high priest of this deity, was called by his name. It is said that a rival of the Toltec ruler got him drunk on five cups of pulque, humiliating Quetzalcóatl so much that he went to the coast, built a raft of snake skins, and sailed eastward into exile, pledging to return in the year of "One Reed." As the fates would have it, that turned out to be 1519, the year Cortés and his conquistadors splashed ashore. The Aztecs, who were then in power, interpreted this event as the homecoming of Quetzalcóatl, the departed god-king.

Pulque was considered sacred by the Aztecs, who used it as an offering to their gods, especially the god of fire. The drink was placed in vessels in front of a fire or sprinkled around the hearth. Pulque was also offered at weddings and funerals and used for medicinal purposes. In Aztec mythology there was a pulqueria in one corner of the night sky. In this saloon, operated by Mayahuel, the goddess of pulque, the deities gathered to drink from 400 udders —one for each of the pulque gods.

The Aztecs considered drunkenness evil. Friar Bernardino de Sahagún's sixteenth-century account known as the *Florentine Codex* gives a fascinating glimpse into the regulation of "Heaven's water" in Aztec society. The consumption of pulque was restricted except in the case of warriors, nursing mothers, elders, and condemned prisoners. Excessive use was controlled by a ban on the "fifth cup" in memory of Quetzalcóatl's binge. Ordinary citizens could drink pulque only at certain functions. Average persons caught drunk had to suffer their heads shaved and endure public ridicule. A second offense brought the sentence of death. Nobles and priests were beaten to death or strangled the first time they overindulged.

The Aztec ban on pulque was lifted by the Spaniards and, as a result, drunkenness became a problem. The conquerors tried to control the situation by limiting the number of pulquerias in Mexico City and putting a widow of good repute in charge of each one. That plan fell by the wayside. Today, pulquerias still dot the backstreets of Mexico City, and each one has its own altar and patron saint.



Intriguing illustrations from the Florentine Codex *reveal Aztec attitudes toward drinking.* (Top to bottom) *Born under the sign of Two Rabbit in the Aztec calendar, a drunkard shows his abandonment to the power of pulque. Two Rabbit was both a symbol of drunkenness and a pulque god. Lawful pulque drinkers participate in a religious rite. And a drunken Quetzalcóatl sprawls in sleep.*

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plant, also known as the maguey, belongs to the amaryllis family like the lily of the Nile. Considered a divine plant since it was first domesticated, the agave—from the Greek word *agauos* for "noble"—symbolizes life and abundance in Mexican myth and legend. The long, pointed *pencas* were used by early Mexican civilizations for thatching and fuel, and the thorns provided nails, needles, spikes for punishing criminals, and self-lacerating instruments for worshippers in religious ceremonies. Twine, sandal soles, and cloth can be made from the leaf fiber; sugar, candy, and vinegar from roasting the roots and core. The most valuable Aztec manuscripts were written on paper made from the agave.

Historic uses of agave endure, while in modern research centers, the plant is studied for industrial, medical, and nutritive uses. Often called "the green cow of Mexico," the agave remains one of the most versatile plants in all of the Americas.

In addition to tequila, other spirits important to Mexico come from the agave. Centuries before the Spaniards introduced the distilling process necessary for tequila, the people of Mexico quenched their thirst with pulque, the oldest drink in North America. The saying south of the border went: Pulque is made for men, water for mules. In the fields, potent sap known as *aguamiel* or "honey water" is siphoned from the agave and taken to plants for fermentation. The fermented juices of several different types of agave create pulque, a drink loaded with vitamins and protein.

Mezcal and tequila are direct descendants of pulque. The Spaniards, who knew how to distill hard liquor, began making mezcal when short supplies of rum and brandy forced them to turn to the agave. Mezcal, the distilled juices of

Tequila quenched the thirst of the Spanish conquistadors when their supplies of rum ran low.

Wanton revelers give themselves up to tequila-inspired delights in this colorful mural at the Sauza distillery in Tequila, Mexico. In the foreground, a reclining nude and her drinking partner raise their glasses in a merry toast, observed, it seems, by the devil portrayed as a mask with horns. A dog leaps in the crowd. And dancers in luxuriant robes sway freely to the music of boisterous players, marching toward an archway of greens. There is no mistaking the cause of this roistering; a maiden in red holds a jar of the heady juice high in the air.

Two workers busily stack agave piñas *inside an oven at Tequila Herradura. According to a process that has been guided by master distillers for over one hundred years, the* piñas *will remain in the oven for twenty-four hours. Thirty tons of* piñas *are trucked to the distillery every day.*

several different agaves, is a popular drink today, especially in the state of Oaxaca where it is sold in squat, clay jugs and called *mezcal de olla*. The most famous—or infamous—characteristic of mezcal is the dead worm *(gusano de maguey)* that tradition demands be in each bottle. Tequila represents a type of mezcal and is made by almost the same distillation process, except tequila can come only from the blue agave.

AT THE HISTORIC MEXICAN FIRM of Tequila Herradura tradition guides the production of authentic tequila, free of additives. Overseeing the entire operation is thirty-five-year-old Guillermo Romo—a champion for tequila. The

Traditions are honored at the historic firm of Tequila Herradura. The final product must be pure.

oldest son of owner Gabriela de la Peña de Romo, he is proud that his family has distilled quality tequila for six generations.

"Tequila is not a mystery," says Romo. "It is a simple distillate.... But agaves must be cared for. They must be weeded and fertilized and nurtured. Agaves must be loved. If you do all that... there will be plenty of fine harvests."

The history of the tequila industry can be traced to the town of Tequila, located forty miles northwest of Guadalajara and named after a long-vanished Indian tribe. Founded in 1530, the town became famous for its wild agaves which yielded the first batches of mezcal wine. Records show that by 1873, the year the first shipment of mezcal wine was exported to the United States, sixteen distilleries were prospering in Tequila. Not long after that, mezcal wine, or tequila de mezcal, came to be called tequila.

About a dozen distilleries operate in Tequila today, a town suffering from the current problems of the tequila industry. Although tanker trucks continue to haul loads of bulk tequila to the United States, maguey plantations on the edge of town are filled with scrawny agaves and healthy weeds.

Change came to Tequila several years ago, when distillers, anxious to slash costs and reduce production time, began planting fewer of the slow-growing agaves and started mixing sugars and other additives with agave juice. When the price of sugar skyrocketed, the industry suffered.

"Tequila has become a cheap whore," says Romo. "This should never have happened. It is very sad. Most of what gets consumed in the States isn't fit to drink. It certainly isn't authentic tequila. To be genuine tequila it must all come from the juices of the blue agave and be bottled on the premises."

In Amatitán, Herradura tries to uphold the tequila legacy. The firm was established in 1879 by Romo's great-grandfather Ambrosio Rosales, who recognized the agave as an important crop. Rosales named his hacienda San José del Refugio, and for many years that was how the tequila was known. Customers would say: "Give me mezcal wine from San José."

Rosales passed control of the business to a nephew, Aurelio López, who guided the company through the tumultuous years of the Mexican Revolution. Family lore has it that in the 1920s, when it was necessary to come up with a trademark name for the tequila, López, a famous horseman in the region, rode his favorite stallion through the agave fields, pondering a list of names. As he rode, he spied a horseshoe pushed up from the soil by a growing agave. "Tequila Herradura," from the Spanish word for horseshoe, became the company's name. Two other family members preceded Gabriela Romo, the current *patrona,* now grooming her sons Guillermo and Pablo to assume command.

(Top) *Light from the Herradura boiler-room flashes in the darkness behind machinery expert Ignacio Ruvalcalba. Ruvalcalba has worked for the company since 1927, and he takes pride in keeping the whole place running.* (Bottom) *Cooked* piñas *on the way to the crusher are drawn from the adobe oven and heaped in a wheelbarrow. Music from the workers' radio sets a rhythm, perhaps, for this steamy job.*

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Romo fights for reforms that include a tequila institute and laws banning all additives.

Traditions die hard at Tequila Herradura, as Señora Romo recalls. "I remember the old distillery was very hot and the juices from the agave would ruin the men's clothing; so, all those in the distillery worked naked. That was our custom here until 1962. When my mother or I wanted to attend to business, we had to send a messenger ahead and have the men put on their clothes." The original distillery was used until 1964. Now flanked by a modern plant, the old stone building still stands with its cobblestone floors, vaulted ceilings, and iron grillwork on the windows.

EVERY DAY AT TEQUILA HERRADURA, trucks bring thirty tons of *piñas* to the six adobe ovens, which are strengthened with agave fiber to protect the flavor. The *piñas* are cooked for twenty-four hours to release the juices that will become tequila. The juices extracted from the mash flow to fermenting vats by way of glass pipes to guard the taste.

Piped to stainless steel pots following fermentation, the juices are then distilled twice to eliminate all impurities and set the final alcoholic content. After the second distillation, the clear liquid is tequila. Most of it is bottled right away, but some is aged in hand-hewn oak barrels. The distillery operates twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, in order to keep up with the annual demand for 1.6 million liters of Herradura.

Herradura is the only tequila distilled and bottled under the nose of a federal government inspector who lives on the grounds. "We asked for him to live here," says Romo. "We want no problems and no complaints. We can stand up to any inspection."

Another important figure at Tequila Herradura is chief distiller Jesús Reyes. Reyes commands the distillery, quietly giving advice to the workers who load the ovens, shouting at the *jimadors* to bring him their best agaves, then tasting the tequila as it drips from a distilling-pot spigot. Following the path of his father and grandfather, Reyes went to work in the distillery when he was eighteen. Now he is teaching the art to his seventeen-year-old son Enrique. "When he is expert, I will step down," Reyes explains. "These men have perfect taste," claims Romo. "They've been tasting good tequila for a century."

History and custom are carefully guarded at Tequila Herradura, but the future is not ignored. In the firm's laboratory, researchers work overtime to come up with new uses for the agave as well as bigger and better plants. The results can be seen in the manicured nurseries where there are half a million "super" agaves, developed to withstand disease and to mature in only six or seven years. A computerized estate, Herradura still relies on nature to solve some problems. In order to destroy the agave's main enemy, a small black moth, workers release swarms of bees over the growing fields.

A day at San José del Refugio is time well spent. The hacienda, or ex-hacienda as it is now officially called in post-Revolution Mexico, has lost none of its charm. The distillery forms two sides of a large, shady courtyard, whose third side is the main residence, furnished in the style and elegance of the last century.

In the kitchen, servants chatter while preparing breakfast. María Alvardo-Tenorio watches and offers bits of wisdom from her corner chair. María is more than one hundred years old and has worked in the hacienda since she was a child. She recalls serving spicy dinners to Romo's great-grandfather and combing the hair of his grandmother. The Revolution, the bandits, the lean years of the Cristero Wars are like yesterday. "María is an 'aunt' to all the workers and to our family," says Señora Romo. "She has known all the *patróns*. María is a living history of this place."

Inside the cool house on most mornings, a boy with a homemade broom sweeps up jasmine petals that fall with the night rain and cover the patio floor. A slight fragrance of jasmine is always present in the halls and rooms, and outside the sweet odor of fresh tequila is indelible in the breeze.

There are 10,000 persons living in Amatitán, a town that never pretends to be a city. The streets are crooked and filled with life. Of several cantinas, the best is *El Cuerno Mocho*, "The Broken Horn." There's a good jukebox, the owner keeps tabs for his regulars, and two kinds of tequila are offered—a bootleg called "from the other side of the mountain," and, of course, Herradura.

"Since what they are making in the town of Tequila isn't honest anymore, the name of the drink should really be changed to Amatitán," says Guillermo Romo.

For some time the fiery Romo has fought for reform in the tequila industry and for help in creating a tequila institute to restore tequila to its rightful place in Mexico. Romo wants the laws changed to ban all additives and sugars, and he would like to see shipments of bulk tequila stopped. He knows the battle is uphill.

"We have made mistakes at Herradura, too," says Romo. "Through the years many who led this firm including myself made errors in judgment, and some money was lost. But one mistake we have never made is to interfere with the fields and the product."

At the close of a work day, when the *jimadors* with their *coas* on their shoulders trudge home, Romo often leaves the hacienda to inspect his crop. He looks at the rows of blue agave passing in review and knows it is all worthwhile.

Intricate ironwork adds a touch of beauty to this scene in the Mexican state of Michoacán. It is the Day of the Dead, and for the man in the serape, time for a long draught of tequila.

Michael Wallis, *a Tulsa-based author, has made several pilgrimages to the tequila country of Mexico. During the summer of 1981, he lived on the fringes of agave fields in Jalisco.*

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Crazy Horse was the Chief of the mighty Oglala Sioux. He was the leader of Sioux resistance against the white man's encroachment on the mineral-rich Black Hills. In 1876 the great chief was victorious against troops on the Powder River. He was victorious as well against General Crook on Rosebud River, June 17th. He then joined Sitting Bull and Gall to defeat General Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25th. In January 1877 his camp was attacked by General Miles, leaving his people near starvation, which brought about his surrender at the Red Cloud Agency. He was imprisoned and later was slain during an attempt to escape. His bravery and skill were generally acknowledged and he is revered by the Sioux as their greatest leader.

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The wreck of the Peter Iredale

Rusted landmark holds a tale

by Mura C. Birdsall

A SHIP DENIED A DECENT BURIAL PROTRUDES FROM THE SANDS of an Oregon beach. Unlike most other wrecks that have gone to their watery graves, this one, in full view of a curious public, is disintegrating, particle by rusty particle. The relic from the past is what is left of a four-masted British bark, the *Peter Iredale*, wrecked at 6:00 A.M. on October 25, 1906, near the mouth of the Columbia River.

Looming high and black against a setting sun, the skeleton of the *Peter Iredale* rises from the sea like some mythical monster. At high tide she's just a small, black object out there. But the receding waters of an extremely low tide leave her beached, trapped by the sand that has held her prisoner for seventy-five years. The remains of her shorn-off hollow iron masts are mute testimony to the struggle of long ago.

Built in England in 1890, the *Peter Iredale* was one of the finest and largest of the relatively few iron and steel sailing ships—2,075 gross tons and 287.5 feet long, with a beam of 40 feet. Her home port was Liverpool. In the summer of 1906, the big four-master carried coal from Newcastle, Australia, to Salina Cruz, Mexico; from there, she headed in ballast toward Portland, Oregon, to pick up a cargo of grain to be carried back to the United Kingdom.

The *Iredale* was about a hundred miles from the mouth of the Columbia River on October 24, when ominous clouds gathered, and Captain Lawrence recorded a "swelter of mist" that gradually thickened until the ship was enveloped in fog that soon turned to rain. The good stiff breeze that had sped the *Iredale* on her way for a record run up the coast from Mexico became a gale. The First Mate wanted to shorten sail to reduce speed in the rising southwesterly wind, but the Captain kept her under full canvas, believing they were well off the Oregon coast. He planned to enter the Columbia River under pilot guidance on the morning flood tide, and the Lookout was instructed to watch for the Tillamook Rock Light. But the hoarse call—"Light to starboard!"—at 2:00 A.M. came much sooner than expected.

Captain Lawrence peered in dismay through the murky blackness at the dim but unmistakable warning. The gale had driven the *Peter Iredale* perilously close to

Silhouetted against a setting sun, the disintegrating ribs of the British sailing vessel Peter Iredale *hold an irresistible attraction for many different people. The ship, which met disaster three-quarters of a century ago, is now part of Fort Stevens State Park.*

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

PHOTO BY MYRA C. BIRDSALL

shore. Charts were hurriedly consulted, and her position determined. The Captain decided the best thing to do was to make a premature run for the Columbia channel.

As a cold, grey dawn spread over the churning sea, the Watch sounded a warning that all seamen dread—"BREAKERS AHEAD!" Above the wind, the Captain called all hands on deck, and the crew came tumbling from the forecastle hatchway, half-clad, lurching with the violent pitch as they rushed to their stations. For an hour and a half the *Iredale* held her own, but the gale proved too powerful, the current too strong, and the vessel veered out of control. With a rattle of chains, both anchors were let go in a vain attempt to keep her offshore. But, hopelessly outmatched, the big ship was lifted and slammed down on the sand. The battle was over. The *Peter Iredale* had lost.

With the order to abandon ship, the crew attempted to lower a boat, but heavy seas and damage to the *Iredale* made this impossible. Rockets were fired, and the distress signal caught the eye of Robert Farley, number-one man at the Point Adams Coast Guard Station. A rescue crew under the command of Captain Oscar Wicklund was summoned, and a McLellan self-bailing surf boat was dispatched on a boat wagon drawn by mules.

The shortest route to the wreck was through sand dunes and marshes. Battered by wind and rain, the rescuers labored to keep their frightened mules moving. In a stretch of bog near Fort Stevens some of the animals foundered, their panicky struggles sending them only deeper into the mire, but the rescuers finally managed to pull, push, and prod the team back onto solid ground with the aid of planks.

The last man to leave the Iredale was the heavy-hearted skipper, who came ashore bearing the ship's log, the sextant, and a demijohn of whiskey.

IT WAS AN HOUR BEFORE THE RESCUE BOAT REACHED the stricken vessel. With the aid of a lifeline, the crew of the *Iredale* descended one by one in the buffeting wind. It took three trips through the heavy surf to get them ashore, but all twenty-seven men were rescued unhurt. The joint operation involved the Point Adams Lifesaving Crew, Cape Disappointment Lifesaving Crew, soldiers from Fort Stevens, and citizens of Hammond.

The last man to leave the *Iredale* was the heavy-hearted skipper, who came ashore bearing three things: the ship's log, the sextant, and a demijohn of whiskey. He stood on the rain-soaked beach facing his broken ship, and raising his hand in final salute he cried, "God bless you and may your bones bleach in these sands." To keep watch over his vessel and prevent looting, Captain Lawrence pitched a tent on the sand. Later a rotating watch was organized.

Continuing high winds and the rising tide drove the *Iredale* farther in on the beach. When the weather finally cleared, all of the ship's undamaged stores were removed, but efforts to save the vessel itself had to be abandoned. Whatever equipment could be salvaged was removed from the ship and sold. The binnacle with compass came into the hands of a Seaside curio dealer. It was later donated to the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria, where it is on display with other souvenirs of the *Iredale*. Additional objects from the *Iredale* are at Flavel House, a historical museum in Astoria.

And so the stripped skeleton of the once-proud ship was left on the beach to rust. Trains brought sightseers by the hundreds to the area, and the *Peter Iredale* became a landmark, one of the most photographed tourist attractions in the state.

But who owns the shipwreck? In 1960 Cliff Hendricks, a reporter for the Oregon City *Enterprise–Courier,* announced that his late father had bought the *Iredale* in 1908 and that he was the rightful owner. Hendricks applied to the State Highway Commission, which has jurisdiction over Oregon beaches, for right of access in order to dismantle the wreck for scrap metal.

Local people reacted with consternation and resentment. Guy Boyington, Clatsop county judge, declared that the county owned the wreck, but had turned it over

PHOTO BY ELMER COE COURTESY OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

to the state as an added attraction for the Fort Stevens State Park development. He cited what had happened to would-be salvagers in the 1930s: "We sent the sheriff down there to run 'em off." Mr. Hendricks's claim to ownership could not be substantiated by a search of courthouse and customhouse records, nor could anyone else's, and today the wreck remains a main point of interest in Fort Stevens State Park.

Red with the rust of decades, white with a thick encrustation of barnacles, green with ocean slime, the bones of the *Peter Iredale* lure young and old with the fascination peculiar to shipwrecks. They come in all seasons—photographers, historians, writers, curiosity seekers, and children who scamper along an obstacle course of rusted ribs and plates and stubs of masts. The story of the wreck can be found by those who seek it out, in the memories of old-timers, on the shelves of museums and libraries, and in the sound of the wind blowing through the iron remains jammed fast into the sands of that Oregon beach.

The curious had already begun to explore the wreck of the Peter Iredale *when this photograph was taken of the big four-master shortly after high winds jammed it into the sands of Clatsop Beach, Oregon, early on the morning of October 25, 1906. With its broken masts and tangled lines, the ship was easily accessible at low tide, and a watch was organized to prevent looting until the vessel's equipment could be salvaged.*

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

This account is based on newspaper accounts from the files of the Oregon Historical Society, Multnomah County Library, and Astoria Public Library. Other sources of information include James A. Gibbs, *Pacific Graveyard* (1950); Gordon Newell, ed., *The H. W. McCurdy Marine History of the Pacific Northwest* (1966); The Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria; and Flavel House, Astoria.

Mura C. Birdsall *is a free-lance writer living in Portland, Oregon.*

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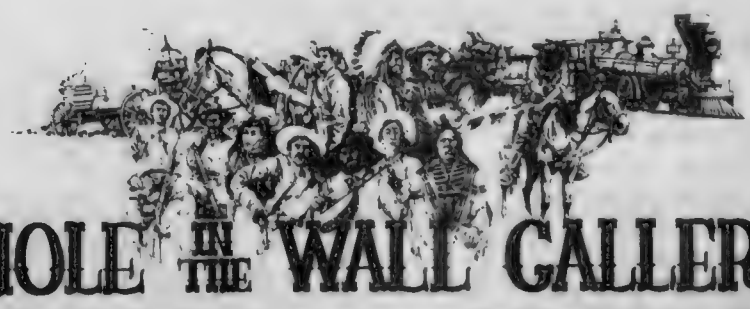

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The curse of the Uber lynching

Violence and conscience on the Nevada frontier

by Sally Springmeyer Zanjani

THE SPEED OF EVENTS THAT NOVEMBER NIGHT IN 1897 was the only element that everyone in the Millerville saloon could afterward agree upon. Henrietta Anderson was cleaning up after the Thanksgiving dance; her young uncle Hans, a teamster, was still at the bar tended by her father; and her red-haired sweetheart, Leo Springmeyer, lingered, too, waiting for her to finish her work. Though Leo was talking and laughing with the rest, his glance must have often strayed to the petite young "Yetta," working so busily, and perhaps a little self-consciously, with her sisters.

Hans Anderson wanted to buy a round for the boys at the bar. But Adam Uber, an itinerant workman, had just walked in, and Anderson had no intention of including him in the round. (People later recalled that there had long been bad blood between them.) Before anyone realized what was happening, Anderson had knocked Uber to the floor. Some onlookers said that Anderson was kicking Uber when the latter pulled his gun; others claimed that the young teamster was just standing over the older man when Uber shot him. It all happened so quickly that Yetta Anderson saw neither argument nor scuffle. All she remembered was that a strange man walked into her father's saloon and shot her uncle.

Before the night ended, Anderson died of his wound, and Uber was in the Douglas County jail in Genoa. A few days later Uber nervously protested to a reporter that it was all over before he knew what had happened and that he was sorry, that he had received "very careful early religious training" at his boyhood home in Pennsylvania, that his mother was a Methodist, that one of his sisters was a missionary, and that he had never been in serious trouble with the law since he had come West as a teenager nearly fifteen years earlier.

But trouble was coming. Rumors were spreading. Men met and talked of the agonies Anderson suffered before he died and of Uber's reputation as a gambler and desperado, gained during the previous year in Carson Valley. In addition, Uber had recently returned from a visit to California with a suspiciously large amount of money, and he was reportedly involved in a rash of robberies, brawls, and peeping-Tom incidents that coincided with his return. People despised Adam Uber for pulling a gun first in the quarrel with Anderson, and nothing the frightened prisoner said could turn aside that loathing.

The stage was set for the most infamous lynching in Nevada history, an event that would long echo in the consciousness of Carson Valley people—a sudden, vicious

COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Adam Uber was lynched in Douglas County, Nevada, in 1897, for killing a man in a barroom brawl. Resort to lynch law was unusual among the steady, industrious people of the Carson Valley, and repercussions from this violence troubled the families of the lynch mob into the next generation. The above drawing of Uber appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, *December 9, 1897.*

Uber cursed the lynchers as they looped the rope around his neck. He condemned them to a "bad end."

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(Top) *After Adam Uber was arrested for the murder of Hans Anderson, the sheriff incarcerated him in the Douglas County Courthouse (built in 1864) in Genoa, Nevada. Later, an intimidated grand jury met there and failed to indict any of Uber's lynchers.* (Bottom) *On the ground floor to the rear of the Courthouse was the jail to which Uber was taken. He spent only a few days in one of the grim cells pictured here before a band of Carson Valley men spirited him away and strung him up on a nearby tree.*

stroke of revenge that rose as swiftly as the storms that boiled over the jagged peaks of the mountains on the southern rim of the valley. Its origins lay in the dark emotions of men.

Lynch law had never ruled the tranquil valley lying at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada; indeed, only one lynching had previously occurred in the community, nearly forty years earlier. The people of the Carson Valley, some fifteen hundred in 1897, were ranchers, planting their trees and gardens, building their white Victorian houses, patiently digging ditches, irrigating, and steadily expanding the cultivated area from the riverside meadows into the arid lands beyond. They sold their hay, grain, beef, and dairy products to people in the flamboyant mining towns, while following their own steady, industrious ways. The lives of these steadfast pioneers held no warning of savage and volatile impulses, yet what Joseph Conrad called a "subtle unsoundness" was there. I learned most of what I know about these people and about Adam Uber from my father and my cousins, as young Leo Springmeyer who sat in the Millerville saloon that night was my uncle.

My grandparents Herman and Wilhelmine Springmeyer, immigrants from the Germanic state of Westphalia, had ranched and raised their family in the Carson Valley for nearly thirty years. My father, George, just sixteen when the shooting occurred in the Millerville saloon, was the seventh of their ten children. George had heard about Anderson's murder, but he sensed no break in the routine of ranch life until the night of December 7, when his younger brother Ed fearfully refused to fetch the mail from the box at the end of the lane. Ed murmured something he had overheard about "bad men." George was finally sent in Ed's place. As he walked down the lane, he wondered why so many riders were out on the main road on an ordinary winter evening.

But this was no ordinary winter evening. When George later heard his father talking angrily with the older sons, Leo and Charlie, he understood why those night riders were on the road. Herman Springmeyer revered the law; also, he had scant regard for any man, like the late Hans Anderson, who abused horses. In his opinion, the agonies that Anderson had suffered in the end were slight compared to the pain the young teamster had long inflicted on the luckless animals beneath his whip. This was the man, Herman reminded his sons, who had driven a horse until it was too exhausted to go on, then had dragged it behind the wagon, injuring the animal so badly it had to be shot. Herman abhorred that kind of senseless cruelty.

My grandfather told Leo and Charlie that the night riders were up to "bad business," and he forbade his sons to take any part in it. But Leo and Charlie stubbornly refused to listen. My father heard the sound of hooves like muffled drum beats as his brothers rode out to join the lynchers.

Sometime after midnight the mob, led by Henry and Fritz Elges, gathered at the Genoa jail. When the crowd of masked men armed with rifles and pistols demanded that Uber be surrendered to them, Sheriff Brockliss handed him over without resistance. The helpless prisoner was stripped and

dragged kicking and screaming for a quarter mile to a big cottonwood tree. As the lynchers looped the rope around his neck, Uber cursed them. Each one, he swore, would "lead a life of misery and come to a bad end." Nine rifle bullets ripped into the nude body as it swung above Boyd's Lane. The sheriff and the constable, who had witnessed the happening under guard, were told to go home and "know nobody." They did.

Later that day an escape letter, probably intended for Uber's sidekick Charles Williams, was discovered in the empty cell, along with a grubstake hidden in a lime barrel:

> This is the way it must be done. After they put my supper in, then watch them and when they go out, still keep a good look out for the Constable and the deputy and Sheriff and if no chance comes wait till they put me in the cell and go away and in about 10 minutes or 30 minutes go to the back of the yard and cross the fence and open the window and the doors with the keys and then I will have all night till nine the next day to get away. You could have a horse tied at the cemetery and I could ride to Jacks Valley and turn the horse loose and go to Lake Tahoe....

Uber described the route he planned to take across the snowbound Sierra, apparently on foot, "and so go on out of their way and they can never catch me." A reporter who compared the handwriting with notes made by Uber during his preliminary examination concluded that the letter was genuine, but some people believed it was a forgery meant to justify the lynching by showing that Uber might otherwise have eluded punishment.

THE LYNCHERS DID NOT SUFFER JUSTICE at the hands of the law; the valley closed ranks behind its own. Sheriff Brockliss made no arrests. District Attorney Nagel offered no immediate criticism of the lynch mob beyond the remark that they should not have removed Uber's clothes. The verdict of the coroner's jury was "death from hands of unknown parties." The county commissioners pointedly abstained from offering a reward for the apprehension of the lynchers. When asked to explain this unusual omission, Commissioner Rodenbah observed that Uber had a bad reputation. Despite an order to leave town, he had hung around for several months selling whiskey to Indians, who acted "very saucy and ugly." In the commissioner's opinion, Uber was "unfit to live." Nevada governor Reinhold Sadler finally offered a reward, but no one tried to collect it.

Carson Valley's local newspaper editor, George Smith, who was reproved by friends and neighbors for initial condemnation of the lynching as a "hideous disgrace," posted

(Continued on page 67)

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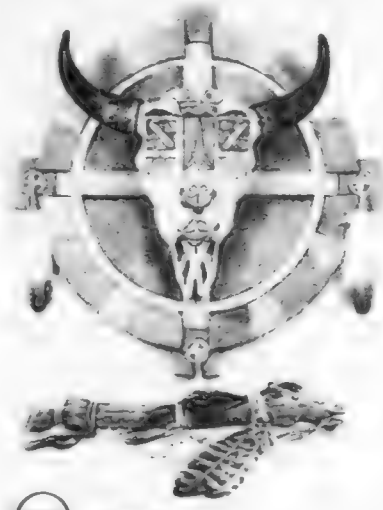

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BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST

C. H. Stephens, ***Hunting Buffalo***, 1911. *Collection: Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming.*

A superb collection of pictures and essays recalling "the legend that refuses to die"—William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody. The 217 photographs and paintings (64 in color) present a pictorial overview of the life of Buffalo Bill, his Wild West Show, and the American West as it was seen by contemporary artists. The legend of Buffalo Bill in our national consciousness is reappraised by seven essayists, including **Howard R. Lamar, Vine Deloria, Jr., Leslie A. Fiedler, Richard Slotkin, and Peter H. Hassrick.**

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Lookout *(Continued from page 17)*

1908 CORN PALACE. COURTESY SOUTH DAKOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

the beginning of Mitchell's unique Corn Palace Festival and Exposition, September 21 through 25. The fairy-tale structure which attracts thousands of visitors every year was conceived as a means of lifting town spirits and finances when the Dakota land boom came to an end. Lovingly rejuvenated every autumn, the palace continues "to lift the minds of men above the humdrum duties of life."

Missouri's Women Artists. A new exhibit at the Missouri Historical Society in Saint Louis illuminates the careers of fifteen women artists who lived and worked in this city between 1818 and 1945. Among the eighty works on display are drawings by Anna Maria Von Phul (1786–1823) revealing landscapes and fashions of Creole days, portraits by Sarah Miriam Peale (1800–1855), and sculptures by Harriet Hosmer (1830–1908). On view through October, the show captures women's contributions to the development of Saint Louis as a regional art center.

Sanctuary Endangered. The mountain lions of national parks at Carlsbad Caverns and Guadalupe Mountains may become fair game if a "depredation control" proposal of the Department of Interior is carried out. In a definite break from park policies in the past, the government agency recommends limited hunting of the lions to reduce ranchers' losses of livestock in these areas of New Mexico and Texas. Hunting would be done by park officials, reports Bobby Waters, Carlsbad Caverns' resource manager, and restricted to lions proved to be the guilty animals of prey. Obtaining such proof is difficult to impossible cry alarmed conservationists who fear that if the mountain lions lose their sanctuary, so may grizzlies in Yellowstone or coyotes in Yosemite. The Sierra Club and the Defenders of Wildlife have brought the matter to court.

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

One Way to Spell Man: Essays with a Western Bias

Reviewed by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

One Way to Spell Man: Essays with a Western Bias *by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1982; 189 pp., $14.95).*

I regret that I was never a student of Wallace Stegner. I might not have been a better writer, but I am certain that my attitudes toward life would have been enduringly enriched. Reading his graceful prose is the next best thing, and this slender collection of sixteen of his essays, written between 1950 and 1981, could not have come out at a better time. In a day when zealots, hype, and false and trendy values all but overwhelm us, these essays speak compellingly of moderation, humanity, and truth and pulsate gently but insistently with the values of a civilized man of solid integrity.

Listen to Stegner. In the brief opening essay, "This I Believe," first published in 1952, he writes: "Passionate faith I am suspicious of...I fear immoderate zeal—Christian, Moslem, Communist, or whatever—because it restricts the range of human understanding and the wise reconciliation of human differences, and creates an orthodoxy with a sword in its hand." He believes "in kindness and generosity, in steadfastness, in courage"—not always the attributes most admired in today's world of expediency and the bottom line.

In many of the essays he speaks of truth, sometimes in behalf of the arts and humanities, which "are indispensable precisely because they are expressions of truth, a way of understanding, at the deepest level, the world of man" and sometimes from the perspective of the artist and writer: "A writer is responsible not to a tradition or a church or any sort of social stability and conformity, but to his personal vision of truth and social justice, to his gift."

To those familiar with Stegner's many fine writings, his beliefs and values come as no surprise. Nor are they particularly original. But I dwell on them for a reason. In Part I of the present volume, essays dealing with the craft of writing, the meaning of adulthood, the pursuit of excellence and pleasure, advice to a young writer, and ponderings on art, literature, technology, and the overuse of four-letter words all provide context for further appreciation of the author of the Pulitzer Prize–winning novel *Angle of Repose*, the National Book Award–winning *The Spectator Bird,* the historical works *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian, The Gathering of Zion,* and *Wolf Willow,* and almost a score of other novels, collections of short stories, and books of nonfiction. In Part II, Stegner's essays deal more specifically with what may be called Western subjects, and the full strength of his philosophy, as illuminated in Part I, is brought to bear on matters as diverse as the writings of Owen Wister and "the provincial consciousness" of Canadians.

But to many, I fear—unless one can straighten them out—it is almost like saying, first we see the artist, then we see him applying his standards as a regional or Western writer, implying not only stereotype thinking but something denigrating to the true stature and importance of Stegner. The truth is that despite the national recognition that has been accorded Stegner on many occasions, he is still too often and thoughtlessly pigeonholed as part of a subculture or, worse, as not in the mainstream and therefore someone less than the major contemporary literary figure that he is. This "Western writer" stereotype, especially in the case of Stegner, needs knocking down, not only because, in a sense, it is false and disparaging, but because it obscures too much that is important about the artist as a decent voice speaking literately for all Americans. Westerners may choose to believe that I have conjured up a straw man, but as an Eastern editor I have too frequently observed the victimizing impact of the Eastern literary establishment's myopic view of "Western writers."

If for no other reason—though there are many—we must not tolerate the application of the stereotype image of the regional writer to Stegner lest it in any way undermine the impact of his moral force as a conservationist. In the final essay of the book, "The Gift of Wilderness," one of the most eloquent, he displays his side as a true "philosopher of the garden," not alone in the tradition of such protectors of our natural heritage as Muir and DeVoto, but because like a White Indian he speaks, via all its many aspects of wisdom and sanity, of the need to live in harmony with nature and not go on mindlessly conquering, exploiting, and destroying it. There, truly, we cry out for the widest possible attention to his values and voice. There, indeed, we don't want him "regional."

In sum, Stegner speaks of and for all Americans. In a luminous appraisal of Ansel Adams, a 1974 essay near the close of the book, he quotes Adams on his seventieth birthday, reasserting a credo that he shared with Alfred Stieglitz forty years earlier and to which Adams was still loyal: "I believe the artist can accomplish most on the agenda for survival by creating beauty, by setting examples of beauty in order, by emphasizing the concept of the essential dignity of the human mind and spirit. I believe, with Alfred Stieglitz, that art is the affirmation of life."

I believe that Wallace Stegner would say that too.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *president of the National Council of the Institute of the American West, is an author and historian on the American Indian. His new book,* Now That the Buffalo's Gone, *will be published this fall.*

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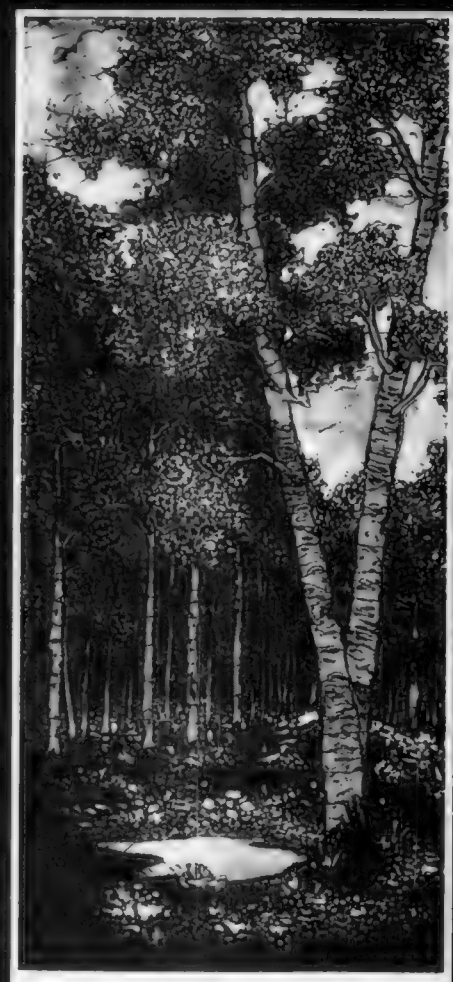

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The Uber lynching *(Continued from page 61)*

armed guards to prevent a threatened mob attack on the offices of the *Genoa Courier,* and then shifted into line. He warmly defended Douglas County law enforcement officers when other Nevada newspapermen censured their sluggish response to a deed that Reno's *Nevada State Journal* declared would shame a blood-thirsty Apache. Some Nevada papers scored District Attorney Nagel's timidity and condemned his practice of satisfying the curious by displaying rifle bullets recovered from Uber's body. The *Courier* nonetheless defended Nagel as a good-natured youth, seriously ill due to loss of sleep and "strain upon his nervous system" caused by the Uber affair.

A barrage of criticism was leveled at Sheriff Brockliss for failing to defend the prisoner, to sound an alarm or raise a posse, and some newspapers even suggested that Brockliss had received advance notice of the lynching and had lighted a candle to conduct the mob to Uber's cell. While admitting that the sheriff was no fighter, Editor Smith applauded him as a real "gentleman" of great local popularity. Writing under the assumed name of "Quelquefois" in a *Courier* editorial column, Alf Chartz, the attorney whom Uber had engaged for his defense, offered the crowning argument to justify legal inaction: the prosecution of twenty-five to thirty men would be financially ruinous to the county because it would bring a large increase in taxes. When taxes were at stake, this "prating" from outside newspapers over legal and moral issues could be disregarded.

A petition signed by numerous prominent citizens accused critics of "trying to encourage murderers" and asserted that "justice has been meted out for the first time in Douglas County." The Uber lynching was slated for consideration by the grand jury when district court convened at the end of December in the Genoa courthouse, but that panel had to be dismissed because four members had signed the petition defending the lynching. The arrival of a message from District Attorney Nagel stating that he was too ill to appear prompted an angry Judge Charles Mack to appoint a new district attorney on the spot. Judge Mack also thought it necessary to instruct the new grand jury, which assembled two weeks later, that the "social standing or financial worth of those who perpetrated the crime should not deter you in the least."

Many people were hesitant to tell their stories before the grand jury. One reluctant witness was found hiding behind a haystack; a blacksmith simply refused to testify. A half-breed disappeared before he could give evidence about the lyncher to whom he had lent his revolver, giving rise to rumors that he had been spirited away by the interested parties. Alf Chartz had already issued a prudent disclaimer to a report that he possessed a complete list of the lynchers. "I am enjoying excellent health, am in the prime of life and carry small life insurance," he declared. "All of which prompt me to deny that I have any list of said ring leaders."

All the same, considerable evidence began to accumulate. Forty witnesses testified, including several who had refused to join the mob and could name names; a scarf pin and cuff button found near the tree were identified; and some men in the Carson Valley grew worried enough to retain counsel or

The judge dismissed the grand jury because members of the panel had publicly defended the lynching.

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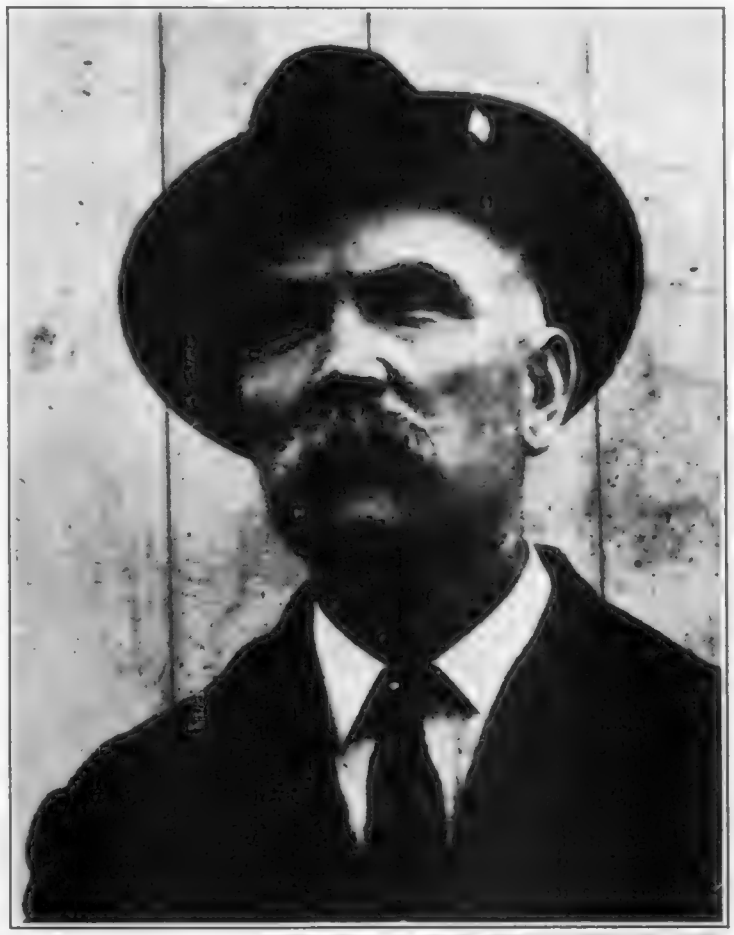

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(Top) *Adam Uber was hanged in this stand of cottonwood trees in Boyd's Lane, where later mysterious events seemed to avenge his death. The lynch tree, as it looks today, is fifth from the right.* (Bottom) *Sheriff John Brockliss surrendered Uber to the mob without a struggle, but the lawman was later acquitted by the grand jury of misconduct in office.*

There was quiet talk about those who had trouble sleeping, committed suicide, or drifted into madness.

to leave on sudden journeys. The grand jury voted seven times. Each ballot was the same: nine to eight in favor of indicting the ring leaders—three votes short of the twelve necessary to indict. In early spring Sheriff Brockliss stood trial for "willful misconduct in office" and was acquitted.

THE SECRET OF THE LYNCHERS WAS SEALED. Leo Springmeyer and Yetta Anderson were married. They moved to a ranch of their own, the threat of indictment faded, and the years passed. To the day that Leo died, not one of his surviving children ever heard him mention the Uber lynching. Just before her death, Yetta told her daughter Aila what happened that night in the Millerville saloon. She spoke of the curse. Though she did not say whether she believed in it, she was superstitious enough to panic over a broken mirror or the glimpse of a black cat. Yetta said she thought the awful deed that night in Boyd's Lane was justified. But her silence over more than sixty years, broken only at the end by a single recounting, does not suggest pride. Aila seems to have recognized this, for she told her sisters nothing.

"The Lord has saved me from all feeling against them," Uber's sister Ada wrote to Alf Chartz from Pennsylvania. "I can pray for these fellows who murdered my brother." Though they mocked her piety in the press, they had more need of her prayers than they cared to admit. Valley people knew how to shield their own from the laws of man. They knew how to keep silence so complete it was as though that December night had never been. But the curse took its toll.

Past midnight one Saturday, after hours of carousing in the saloons of Genoa, Henry and Fritz Elges set out down Boyd's Lane in their split cart. In the morning, so my father told me, their senseless bodies were found sprawled beneath the cottonwood tree. On regaining consciousness, the pair swore that Adam Uber's ghost, armed with a terrible strength the little man never possessed in life, had swooped down from a branch that overhung the road as they drove beneath. When they tried to fight the creature, their fists struck only air. Their fear-crazed horse ran away with the cart. As helpless as the wretched Uber had been when the mob dragged him to that tree, they were pounded and beaten and pummeled until they knew no more. Later one of them lost a leg as a result of the encounter. The offending branch over the road was cut away, but the Elgeses were thereafter "peculiarly on the alert," as my father phrased it, when riding down Boyd's

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Lane in the dark.

After that, people started noticing unusual happenings. Perhaps it was the shared guilt that enveloped the valley like a family secret. Or perhaps the cruel accidents and soul-destroying hardships of Nevada ranching in those early days made it easy to believe in the malevolent presence of a vengeful spirit. At any rate, "things" happened, and there was quiet and private talk about the people who had trouble sleeping nights or committed suicide or drifted into madness. The things that happened to children were the hardest to bear—one child was crushed beneath the heavy wheels of a wagon, another tumbled into a boiling vat of ham and bacon, a small girl was caught in the gears of a pump—and some said that the stricken fathers who buried them had ridden with the mob.

If my father connected these tragedies with the lynching, he never said so, but he spoke soberly of his brothers: Charlie had died a suicide; Leo, once full of promise, had "never amounted to much" after the death of his only son. "A life of misery" Uber had sworn when he cursed them, and the child's death brought grief without end.

I remember looking at the old tree in Boyd's Lane and shivering a little as my father told me this story. I must have been about eight then. The light seemed suddenly grayer, the day colder than before. "It couldn't be true, could it?" I asked my father. "The dead stay in their graves. Ghosts don't swoop down from trees. And you don't believe in curses, do you?" I waited for him to say no. Surely he would, for he was a lawyer and a thoroughly rational man who could poke fun at superstitions and stride through a graveyard at midnight without a qualm. But he was slow to answer, and I knew he was remembering his dead brothers. The wind began to whisper, stirring up the pale undersides of the cottonwood leaves. It seemed a long time before he patted my shoulder and said what I was waiting to hear, "No, of course there's nothing in it."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The primary sources on the Uber lynching remain the old newspapers, particularly the *Genoa Courier* and the Carson City *Morning Appeal*, and the recollections of Springmeyer family members and other Carson Valley residents. The Elges accident is discussed in "Douglas–Alpine History" by Harry Hawkins (1967) in the Oral History Project at the University of Nevada, Reno. For two valuable accounts of the lynching by modern historians, see "A Curse Upon Lynchers" by Mary Ellen Glass in *Western Folklore* 28 (July, 1969), and "The Lynching of Adam Uber" by Phillip I. Earl in the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* 16 (Spring, 1973).

Sally Springmeyer Zanjani'*s articles on Nevada history have appeared in* Pacific Historical Review *and other publications. This account of the Uber lynching has been adapted from her book,* The Unspiked Rail: Memoir of a Nevada Rebel, *published in 1981.*

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American Places *by Wallace Stegner and Page Stegner, with photographs by Eliot Porter (E. P. Dutton, New York, 1981; 224 pp., illus., biblio., index, $39.75).*
Visually and verbally, this eloquent, large-format volume explores the human and natural history of our diverse country. Stegner and son seek to capture the essence of land and people through reminiscence and reflection about places they know well, many of them Western. Porter's powerful photographs invoke uniquely American moods.

Santa Fe and Taos: The Writer's Era, 1916–1941 *by Marta Weigle and Kyle Fiore (Ancient City Press, Santa Fe, 1982; 239 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $15.95).*
Many writers as well as artists were drawn to the art colonies of the Southwest in the early decades of this century, among them Willa Cather, D. H. Lawrence, and Mary Austin. This intriguing book chronicles the activities of the authors who found inspiration in New Mexico. Facsimile pages from some of the publications printed in Santa Fe during the colony's creative heyday are reproduced.

Where Two Worlds Meet: The Great Lakes Fur Trade *by Carolyn Gilman (Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, 1982; 144 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., $18.95 paper).*
Inspired by an exhibit of artifacts from the fur trade of the 1700s, this fascinating and attractive catalog includes a history of the fur trade and essays on various aspects of the early cross-cultural contacts between Indians and whites. Photos of tools, clothing, and trade items shown in the exhibit are accompanied by beautiful reproductions of eighteenth-century paintings and drawings, some in color.

The River Pioneers: Early Days on Grays Harbor *by Edwin Van Syckle (Pacific Search Press, Seattle, 1982; 472 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $22.95 cloth, $14.95 paper).*
The pages of this rollicking, irresistible history overflow with loggers, farmers, roustabouts, whale butchers, bear hunters, and other independent characters. Van Syckle's fast-paced record spans two centuries of life in a river-enriched area of Washington state.

Oregon the Way It Was *by Edwin D. Culp (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1981; 235 pp., illus., $12.95 paper).*
Hundreds of early photographs with detailed captions form a fascinating visual history of the various regions of Oregon as they appeared seventy-five to one hundred or more years ago. Pictures of old streetcars, buggies, automobiles, and trains abound.

Montana's Righteous Hangmen: The Vigilantes in Action *by Lew L. Callaway (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 255 pp., illus., notes, appen., index, $12.95).*
Callaway's memoirs, edited posthumously by his son, tell the stranger-than-fiction tale of the Vigilantes' sometimes bloody deeds in establishing law and order in the frontier Montana Territory. The senior Callaway was taken as an infant to Montana in 1871, and grew up knowing many of the leaders of the Vigilantes in the cattle empire there.

Ancient Cities of the Southwest: A Practical Guide to the Major Prehistoric Ruins of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado *by Buddy Mays (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1982; 132 pp., illus., maps, glossary, biblio., index, $7.95 paper).* Striking black-and-white photographs accompany descriptions of over two dozen ruins that can be explored in the Southwestern desert. The book combines observations on the cultures of the ancient cities with practical information on reaching and touring the sites.

The World Rushed In: The California Gold Rush Experience *by J. S. Holliday (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1981; 559 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $16.95).*
The author weaves together extracts from hundreds of diaries and letters to form a

(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 70)

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Frederic Remington: A Biography *by Peggy and Harold Samuels (Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1982; 549 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $24.95).*
Remington's complex, flamboyant character is brought to life, along with the social history of his time, in this lengthy, engrossing narrative.

Adventuring in Alaska *by Peggy Wayburn (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1982; 320 pp., illus., maps, appen., biblio., index, $10.95 paper).*
This comprehensive guidebook is packed with information on Alaska, from its climate and wildlife to the equipment a camper will need there. Descriptions of the different regions of the state are interspersed with tidbits of history and natural science, plus practical information for visitors. The book also covers urban areas.

The Kit Carson Campaign: The Last Great Navajo War *by Clifford E. Trafzer (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 295 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $14.95).*
This evenhanded account tells a tragic tale of the "scorched-earth" campaign against the Navajo Indians, and the Long Walk removal of the Navajos from their homeland to the Bosque Redondo. The author maintains that Carson avoided launching an all-out war of extermination against the Indians despite orders from his commander.

Ashbel Smith of Texas: Pioneer, Patriot, Statesman, 1805–1886 *by Elizabeth Silverthorne (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas, 1982; 275 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $24.50).*
Smith's dynamic, crusading life is inextricably woven into the history of Texas. His activities as the "father of Texas medicine," founder of the University of Texas, soldier, agriculturalist, diplomat, and state legislator make an interesting biography, the first about this many-faceted leader.

(Continued on page 74)

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The Mexican Frontier, 1821–1846: The American Southwest Under Mexico *by David J. Weber (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982; 440 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper).*

Weber's readable, scholarly history details a time of turmoil and transition for the land known today as Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. He turns the tables by interpreting borderland events from Mexico's point of view.

Mountain Men of Wyoming *by Richard Fetter (Johnson Books, Boulder, Colorado, 1982; 60 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $3.95 paper).*

Wyoming's Outlaw Days *by Richard Patterson (Johnson Books, Boulder, Colorado, 1982; 64 pp., illus., biblio., $3.95 paper).*

For lovers of the "wild West," these two titles in the Wyoming Frontier Series contain adventure-filled tales about the likes of John Colter, Jim Bridger, the James boys, and Butch Cassidy. The first book includes a brief description of historic sites in Wyoming today that recall the era of the mountain men.

The Plains and the Rockies: A Critical Bibliography of Exploration, Adventure and Travel in the American West, 1800–1865 *by Henry R. Wagner and Charles L. Camp, Fourth Edition revised, enlarged and edited by Robert H. Becker (John Howell–Books, San Francisco, 1982; 765 pp., illus., index, $150.00).*

First published in 1921, this exhaustive listing has come to be acknowledged as the standard reference work on Western Americana for any serious historical researcher. Existing copies of journals, histories, letters, reports, and other works related to Western exploration and settlement published between 1800 and 1865 are carefully catalogued.

The Angry West: A Vulnerable Land and Its Future *by Richard D. Lamm and Michael McCarthy (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1982; 352 pp., maps, biblio., index., $13.95).*

This forceful manifesto for the Sagebrush Rebellion examines the rapid changes overtaking the West as missile sites, energy exploration, and an influx of new population transform its unique and fragile landscape. Co-author Richard Lamm is the governor of Colorado.

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Letters *(Continued from page 11)*

prairie wagon of the 1850s. Would you happen to have any additional descriptive and pictorial material on both the original project as well as the festival vehicle? That project has long been of interest, further to research on some related efforts in the development of self-propelled land vehicles.

M. Rosen
San Francisco, Calif.

Native Earth

Dear Editor:

Would like to congratulate you on the great article "Native Earth" by Peter Matthiessen. It was a very interesting piece of work. I have read *The Snow Leopard* by Mr. Matthiessen. It will always be a favorite of mine. I hope to see more articles in AMERICAN WEST by this man. I love your magazine.

R. T. Bruno
Rochester, New York

Olive Oatman

Dear Editor:

I began receiving and enjoying AMERICAN WEST in January, 1982. Unfortunately, I missed your March/April, 1981, issue which carried a story about Olive Oatman.

I have always been greatly interested in the story of the captivity of the Oatman sisters, and would appreciate your help in obtaining a copy of your article concerning the Oatmans.

My whole family looks forward to each issue of your wonderful magazine. I cannot say enough good things about it—keep up the good work.

Ann H. Goodman
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Louis L'Amour

Dear Editor:

In your July/August issue you had "An Interview with Louis L'Amour." He has been my hero since 1967 when his books were passed around to only careful readers in my outfit in Viet Nam. Since then, I have about eighty of his books.

He is the best writer of our times. If

(Continued on page 78)

Wolves for the Blue Soldiers
Indian Scouts and Auxiliaries with the United States Army, 1860–90
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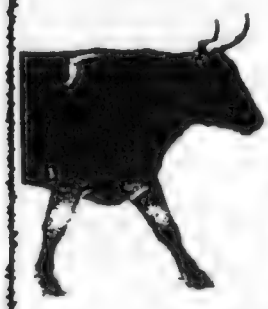

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Letters *(Continued from page 76)*

you have read any of his books, you know it. I want to thank him for the many hours that I have drifted back into the past.

I live here in Clayton, Georgia, and the horses and wagons are part of our life.

Allen C. Lo Bean
Clayton, Georgia

Brickbats

Dear Editor:

I have been a subscriber to the AMERICAN WEST magazine since 1968. The magazine was an excellent *historical* booklet which contained many well-written *historical* articles written by *historical* scholars.

However, since you changed publishers and editors and combined them into one position, I feel your magazine has suffered greatly from misdirection. No longer can I enjoy the quality of *historical* topics that made the AMERICAN WEST a first-class publication. Your new editor and publisher, Thomas Pew, has changed the format away from a scholarly approach to a combination of *Readers Digest* and *National Geographic Magazine*. It is also saturated with ads which was not the case before. I no longer desire to subscribe to the AMERICAN WEST unless you return to the original format with historical information rather than your present contemporary emphasis.

John Lindner
Pacifica, Calif.

AMERICAN WEST welcomes relevant letters from its readers. We will endeavor to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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Western Snapshots

These six members of Company B were among the volunteer troops called up under General John J. Pershing in 1916 after Mexican bandit Pancho Villa crossed the international line and raided Columbus, New Mexico. Pershing's men patrolled the border and stood ready to pursue Villa. Home for the six was temporarily a canvas tent, wrapped around its center pole during the heat of the Texas day. In charge was Corporal John Schillinger of Tulsa, Oklahoma (seated on cot at left). Oscar Knoll (holding the pick) had come all the way from La Porte, Indiana. The other men are unidentified.

Wearing puttees and campaign hat, each soldier poses near his issue of equipment: a thin, rolled mattress and folding cot, blankets, mess kit, and bayonet. Rifle racks holding weapons at the ready can be seen in the background. The largely untrained volunteers spent their time drilling, moving the camp, and following President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting."

Twenty years later, Oscar Knoll's daughter Marian showed this picture in the family album to her husband-to-be, Frank Rauschenbach. He took an unusual interest, exclaiming, "My uncle from Oklahoma served with Pershing about that time. The man on the cot could be his double." The young couple eventually found a way to bring the two former tentmates together for a visit, this time as relatives. Sandra Mafera, grandniece of Schillinger and granddaughter of Knoll, sent us their picture.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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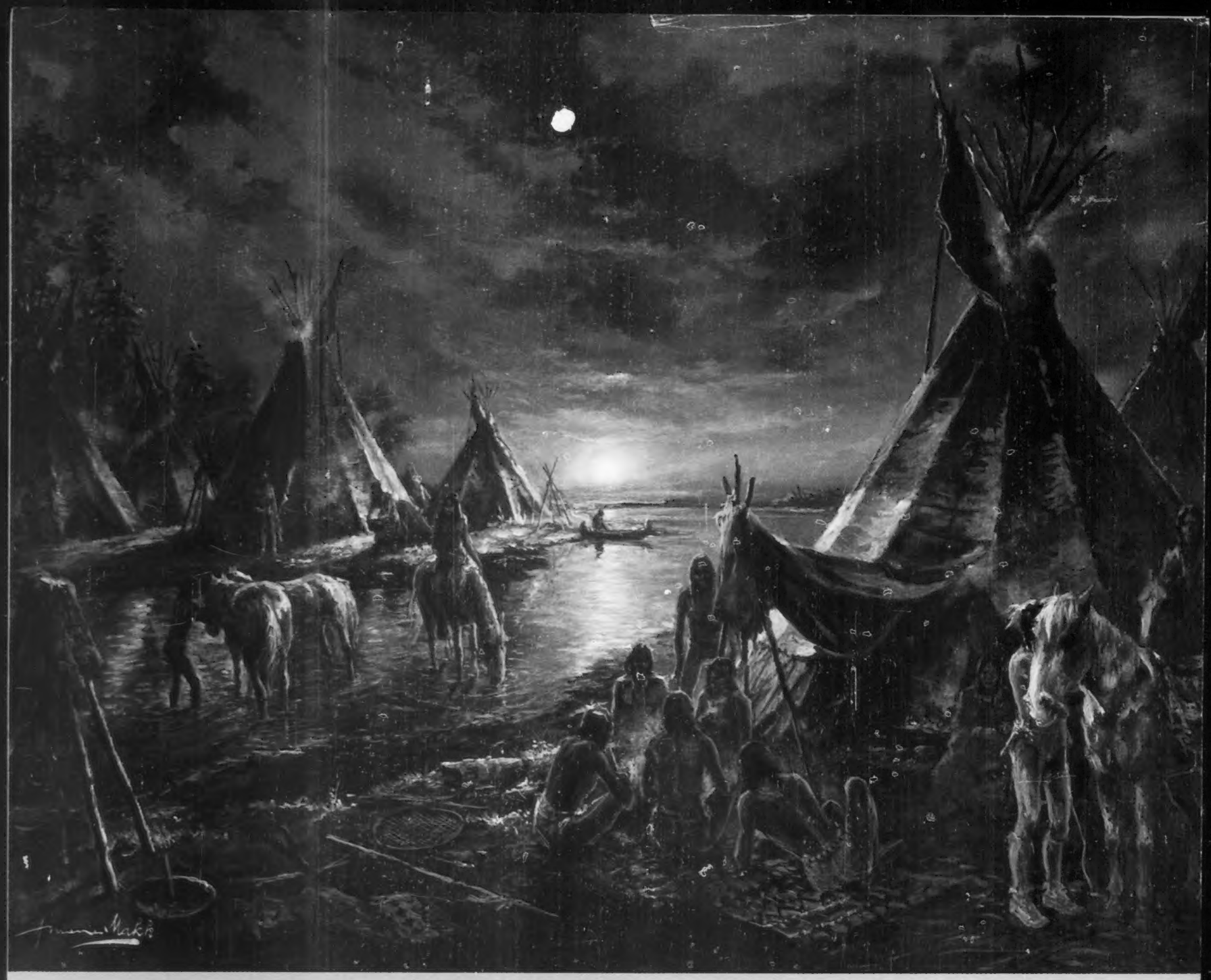

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